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Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children.
— William Canton.



GOKULAM

Vol. IX No. 1

July 1996

Dear readers,

My cat, Pepe was very pleased when I told him that we

were doing a
special issue
on pets, for
Gokulam's Birth-
day Issue.

"Will you have
a party?" he asked
me, "And will you
serve fish?"

"Hmm," I
replied, "I'll think
about it. If we have
a party, whom can we invite?"

"Not the next door dog," said Pepe,
"He is a nasty fellow and has a silly bark."

"How about the black cat at house





SHE'LL LOVE
MY PRESENT!
SIGH!

twenty-one?" I asked.

"Him?" screeched Pepe,
"He hates me and has been
after my fur ever since he
came here!"

"What about the poor
stray dog on the street then?" I asked.

"Hmph!" said Pepe, disdain in his eyes.

"Well, we can't have a party with just you
in it, can we?" I cried in exasperation.

"Why not?" asked Pepe smugly, "And you must
have fish and chips and some buttered toast."

Pepe is not an unusual pet. Like all of you who have pets
will know, a dog or cat at home expects our exclusive atten-
tion. Pets, like humans, express feelings of anger, jealousy,
happiness and love. I remember the time Pepe lovingly
dropped a present of a freshly-killed lizard on my lap.

A pet is company, it is relief in a moment of stress. Take a
break from homework and cuddle your pet - it does not
seem so tough anymore! Your pet need not be pure-breed
and pedigreed. It just needs to be a happy, loving and lov-
able animal.



THE BLACK CAT?
HALP! NO!



Love,

Sandhya

Editor.





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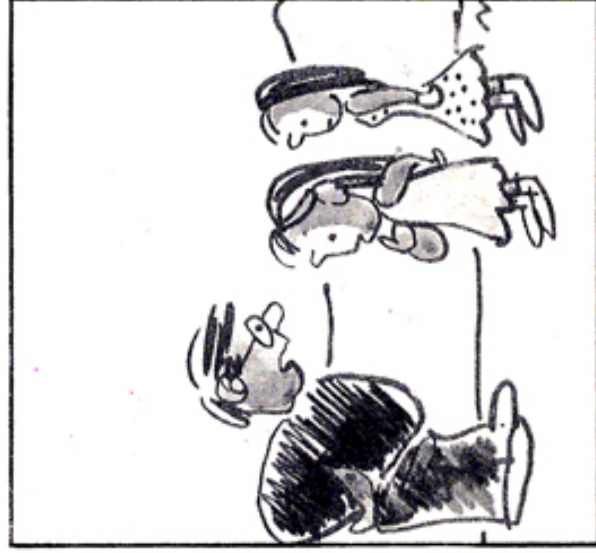
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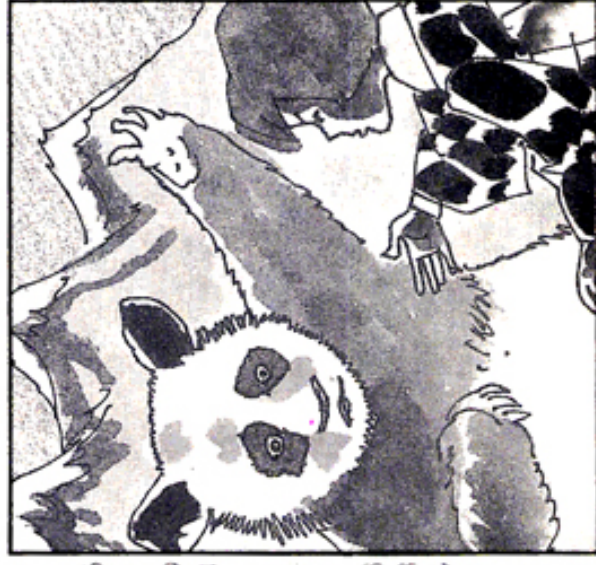
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Cover Illustration :
NATANAM

LETTER BOX

Burger', the recipe published in the May '96 issue. The 'Burger' is actually the patty-shaped cutlet kept between two halves of the buns. The tomato, onion, etc. are added just for flavour. R. Anuradha, in her recipe, has not mentioned the burger but calls her item 'Vegetable

Burger'!

Lalitha Raghu,
Coimbatore - 1.

Dear Editor,

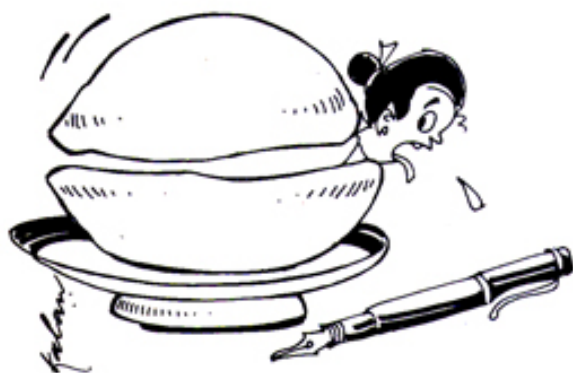
✉ I disagree with Srividya's letter (Feb. issue) and Lopamudra Dash's letter (May issue). I am a Christian and I enjoy reading articles on other religions too. In school, we don't learn about other religions in depth and hence I don't have much of a chance to learn of other religious customs. *Gokulam* is my only source. It is very interesting to know about the legends and myths of all religions. I am sure *Gokulam* is not centered around one religion. Unless we Indians try to accept and respect other

Dear Editor,

✉ I usually go shopping for my family. One day, I was sent to the shop with a hundred rupee note. I was asked to buy washing powder, Boost and a kilo of onion and tomatoes. The bill added up to Rs. 133. I went home and brought the difference money, and took home all the purchases.

Suddenly it struck me — I am one of the few lucky ones who can probably drink Boost everyday. The majority of children in this country can hardly afford a square meal a day. Do we ever stop to think what will happen to the future generation of tomorrow? We can actually help a child lead a normal life. We can employ one such child in our house, to help us in our everyday work. We can pay him, provide him with food and clothes, and teach him to read and write.

Chella Sindhu K.N., aged 13,
National English School,
Bangalore.



religions, India cannot be called a secular state.

Viviani Rajan, std. X, Madras.
Good Viviani! We root for you! Ed.

Dear Editor,

✉ This is with reference to 'Vegetable

Dear Editor,

✉ This is with reference to Malavika Varadan's 'Spooky Spooks' in the May issue. I was quite afraid at nights for sometime after I read the article. Do ghosts really exist?

S. Deepika, aged 9, Madras.

GHST



So the Spooks spooked you! Don't think too much about it, Deepika. Ghosts and aliens are matters of conjecture even now.
Ed.

Dear Editor,

☐ I entirely agree with Malathi Narayanan's views in her essay of the May issue. It is true that even today people believe in astrology and astrologers. These astrologers cheat people. It's better if we work hard with self-confidence.

Dinesh George, aged 13,
New Bombay - 400 703.

Dear Editor,

☐ Your editorial in the May 1996 issue was extremely thought-provoking. Your differentiation between the old generation and the present generation in terms of their sources of entertainment is a very valid point.

For example, you want to buy a toy which you saw in a television advertisement. After pleading with your parents, you finally get the toy. You spend days playing with it and admiring it. But after a month or so, the toy lies in a corner — an object of neglect! Now you are yearningly looking at your friend's imported toy.

The present generation looks only for material happiness, which as you said is temporary. I am grateful to you for bringing me down to earth from my fantasy world of material happiness.

Ambika Sivadas,
Sishya School, Madras - 20.

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The pet shop in our neighbourhood had sprung up all of a sudden. Returning from a birthday party, my children and I stopped to look at a jumbled collection of birds and animals — rabbits, pigeons, budgerigars, and three large green parrots.

We were immediately touched by the sight of these birds, who looked dull and unhappy. The large Indian parrot, or Alexandrine parrot, is found in extensive areas of India, particularly around the hills. The male has a handsome rose coloured ring around the back of his neck, and a black ring around the front, which looks like a collar under its chin. The female does not have the ring, but has a maroon patch on its shoulder

similar to the male's. Their voices are powerful, and beaks large and red.

These birds are stolen from their parents as nestlings and sold as chicks in pet markets. If they survive the overcrowding and ill-treatment, they make popular cage birds, because they can talk and imitate the human voice quite well. What we were seeing was three such birds, and my children began to insist we 'rescue' them.

Since they were being sold for Rs. 400/- each, we could barely afford to buy one, and we rushed home to bring a cage, and carried home a female parrot that my daughter named Neela. Very soon, we realized what a character she was! Her most



FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

obvious quality was curiosity. She would crane her neck to observe whatever we were doing around her cage. If this happened to be eating, she would immediately and loudly, ask us for a share.

When let out of her cage, Neela would



* Milhoo and Neela

that he would one day be set free.

I had a large cage made with two rooms and a door in the middle. On the day we brought the male parrot home, the children and I were very excited about his introduction to Neela. Both parrots reached for each other through the bars of their cages. Once we had got them together, they seemed quite happy, though they occasionally fought over food.

rush to the nearest safe perch — me. She would climb up to my shoulder using her beak and claws, and nibble at my earrings or the beads of my *mangalsutra*. Since I whistled to her, she very soon learnt to whistle exactly the same style and tune. Later, she graduated to whistling the Tamil song, '*Mastana, mastana....*'

A few months after getting Neela, I was passing the *Blue Cross Hospital*, and looked in. A fully grown male Alexandrine parrot had been left there by a family. I asked if I could have him, and was given permission to take him on the condition

Now began a wonderful period in our home. Our mornings began with parrot sounds. We fed the birds all kinds of delicious vegetables and fruits. They loved all seedy things — like watermelon seeds, chillies, pumpkin seeds. They crunched cabbage leaves. They adored peanuts

PET-PALS!



and would hold the shells in one hand, and balance and eat. In the mornings, the coconut water vendor was eagerly awaited by them. While I drank the water, they looked forward to having the tender white kernel.

We let them out of the cage everyday so that they could flex their wings and muscles. Both had had their feathers cut, and could not fly for many months. But slowly the urge to fly came back, and they began to take short flights around the house.

A shallow basin of water used to make them happy for a long while — taking a bath. Both dived in the water and spread their feathers and got thoroughly wet. Mithoo, the male parrot, was a great talker. He had learnt this in the previous house where he had lived. He said his name in four different ways. He

said 'Okay', and of course, the sweetest thing was when he called 'Amma' several times a day. It was so real, that I sometimes thought my children were calling me, and even the neighbours were confused.

But as their feathers grew completely, we knew that we could not keep them caged forever. For all the delicacies we fed them, we could not give them the freedom of blue skies that is their birthright. We arranged to release them from

Mithoo and Neela, our two parrots, were often getting into trouble. One day, when Neela was out of her cage exploring the house she was suddenly missing for sometime. When we found her at last, we got a shock. She had put her head into the strap of one of my father's old rubber slippers and was stuck. My mother screamed

and rushed to free her. As soon as Neela was taken out, she bit my mother!

■ Shivani
Bail





a friend's home in the thickly wooded estate of the *Theosophical Society in Madras*.

The day we set them free was an emotional one for us. We drove into the Society woods and took them to the terrace of our friend's house. Then we let them out of the cage and fed them. As soon as they saw the greenery around them, they were ready to take off! But their first flight was uncertain and attracted the attention of the crows. We recaptured them, and they stayed on in their cage till late afternoon, when they finally flew away. We prayed to God to keep them safe in the next few weeks.

Animals in the wild state are often captured and

brought into homes where they lead lives very different from their normal lives. Our forests are shrinking, and each day, more species of animals and birds join the list of endangered creatures — who are slowly dying out completely. What we did with the parrots was a small attempt to restore the balance of nature. Much as we missed our beloved birds, they were born to be truly free.

**Text and Photos :
SCHARADA BAIL**

On another occasion, Mithoo Neela's partner, was biting his cage. He does it often, and this is the way I stop him from doing it always. I take a long pencil or rod and poke it into the cage. He comes to peck the rod or pencil and stops eating his cage. That day, I took a blue sketch pen and poked it into the cage. Mithoo stopped, but I soon realized that I had made a big, big mistake. As soon so Mithoo saw the sketch pen he pulled it into his cage and started biting it. When I came to look at Mithoo again he was biting the pen. I hit the cage and he dropped the pen. When he opened his mouth to peck me, I saw a blue tongue and a blue beak!

S.B.



* Stephen Mosley with his Aerowheel

YET ANOTHER Indian teenager studying in Britain has won laurels for herself and her school in the latest GCSE (General Certificate of Secondary Education) examination.

Fifteen-year-old Suchita Shah, a pupil at Croham Hurst School in South Croydon, near London, was among 184,000 students who sat for the GCSE examination all over England. She topped in the English language and literature

papers, and secured eight 'A grades' in the ten papers she appeared for.

Suchita's performance is all the more remarkable because she spent most of her infancy in India and did not speak English until she was eight years old, according to reports.

In recognition of her achievement, Suchita has been presented a silver medal by the General Manager of Sony England and the Chief Executive of the GCSE examination board. She even got her school (a girl's day school established in 1899) a diploma for her performance.

A modest Suchita attributed her success in the examination to

**INDIAN
GIRL
WINS
LAURELS**

"hard work and continuous support from my parents, teachers and friends."

Young Engineer of the Year

Meanwhile, a British teenage student from Sheffield (in the English Midlands) has been named winner of the prestigious 'Young Engineer of the Year' award for 1995.

The 17-year-old student, Stephen Mosley, won the award—a trophy and £1,000 for his school—with his aerodynamic bicycle wheel. The 'Aerowheel' as the device is called, opens to let wind through. It was selected from 180 products narrowed down from 1,200 entries from young competitors aged 11 to 19 from all over Britain.

The Young Engineers for Britain contest is organised by the Engineering Council in association with the Standing Conference on School's Science and Technology (SCSST), and brings together schools, industry and young people in the pursuit of engineering innovation. The SCSST promotes the development of science and technology in schools by joint education and industry activities organised through its Science and Technology Regional Offices.

-ACHAL NARAYANAN

A "Weather Only" T.V.Channel

A round-the-clock, exclusive weather channel has proved popular in the United States, where a cable television network started for this purpose thirteen years ago with four sponsors, now has an average viewership of 280,000 homes (figures for the first half of 1995).

The Weather Channel, as it is officially called, is now one of the top dozen cable networks in the U.S., with millions of subscribers. It is owned by a private media group.

Since 1994, the Weather Channel has stretched the average viewing time from less than 11 minutes to nearly 14 minutes. Some weather fanatics even tune in for hours at a time according to Forbes magazine.

The programming backbone remains the local weather. The channel's 60 meteorologists analyse U.S. Weather Service data from 4,000 weather zones in the country, and every 10 minutes, separate, updated forecasts are beamed to the satellite. Each cable system has a box coded to select the forecast for its area.

The Weather Channel Radio Network, an extension of the cable TV network, now produces weather broadcasts for 120 radio stations.

-A.N.]

GRANDMA WORM'S PAGES

Dear Grandma Worm,

When I play a game with my friends and I lose, everybody teases me. So sometimes, I try cheating to win. But I know it is not nice to cheat. What shall I do?

**Elizabeth, aged 8,
Madras.**

Dear Elizabeth,

We all know cheating is not nice. When we play a game, we play for the fun of it, and not to win all the time. We can win once in a while, but it is good to accept being a loser too. When you grow up, you have to take success and disappointments too. You cannot cheat then. Be a good loser, never mind if your friends tease you.

always telling us things like, "Why did you keep the curd with the sambar?" or "Don't come near me. I've just had a bath. I am going to do puja." I get irritated with her very often.

**Gayathri,
Madras.**

Dear Gayathri,

All our grandmas are like that. Remember that they belong to a generation that had a lot of rules and beliefs, and they were a very disciplined lot. But granny is granny, and we all love her anyway, don't we? That's what my grandchildren tell me. These things should not be taken so seriously.

Dear Grandma Worm,

I have a problem.
I am afraid

GHOST BUSTER!

Dear Grandma Worm,

My granny is very religious. She's

of ghosts. Whenever I think of them, I get scared, especially at night. What shall I do?

**Sanjeev, aged 11,
Bangalore.**

Dear Sanjeev,

Make a ghost your friend! I am serious. Take a big chart paper and draw a cute spook on it. Give it a name and paste it on the wall or behind a door. Talk to 'Spookie' every night and pretend it's your best friend. And watch your fear of spooks die down, ghost buster!

Dear Grandma Worm,

My brother, who is older to me teases



me saying, 'Bumpty Bum' for no reason at all. I never do him any harm unless he teases me or beats me.

**Sandeep, aged 9,
Hyderabad.**

Dear Sandeep,

I don't think your brother is doing you any harm either. Be a good sport and be teased a bit. Or you can call him, "Bumpety Bum" too, for no reason at all!

Dear Grandma Worm,

I have a serious problem. My parents always support my five-year-old younger sister, even if she behaves badly. What shall I do?

**Preethi, aged 11,
Bombay.**

Dear Grandma Worm,

My brother always fights with me. What shall I do?

**Parimala, aged 14,
Pondicherry.**

Dear Grandma Worm,

My brother, who is six years younger to me, is very annoying. He just refuses to do what I want him to do and even answers me back.

Soumya, Pune.

Dear Preethi, Parimala and Soumya,

Siblings are there for us to laugh and cry with, and yes, sometimes to fight with too. At times, it seems to us that there are more fights than anything else. The relationship between sisters and brothers are the strangest in the world. Though you may love each



other a lot, there will be jealousy, fights and differences of opinion. It is upto each one of us to overcome all these petty things and accept our siblings as they are.

Dear Grandma Worm,

I wanted to join Computer Science, but my marks were not sufficient. So I have half-heartedly joined the commerce group. I feel useless, unable to attain my childhood dream of becoming an engineer.

**Aishwarya,
Salem.**

Dear Aishwarya,

All of us have dreams, but very often, reality can be quite different. It is unfortunate that you've missed the vocation of your dreams. But make the best of what you have, and don't lose that too.

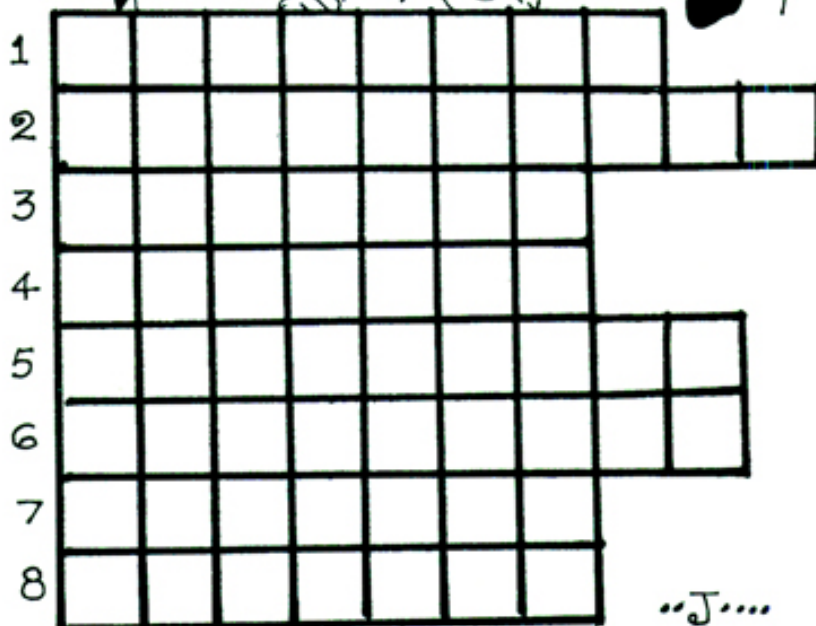
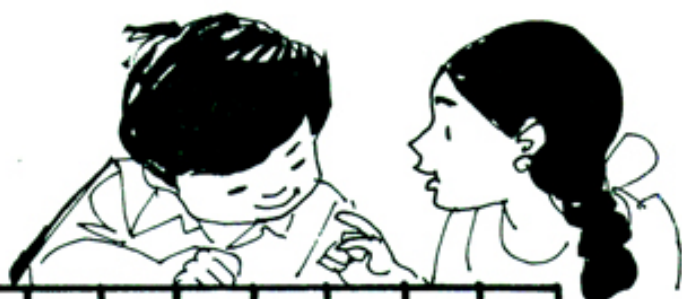
Love,
Grandma
Worm.



WRITE TO ME!

ACROSS-WORD

Fill the squares in the grid with letters that form words, with the help of clues.



CLUES

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. A person with no work | 6. Deserving of respect |
| 2. Lessening of tension | 7. Cordial greeting |
| 3. Make a picture | 8. Whole-hearted |
| 4. Give a warning beforehand | |
| 5. Cut off from others | |

**Shilpa P., aged 13,
Bangalore.**

Solution on page 85

I was new to Bombay city. One day I was travelling by the city bus. The conductor came towards me, and the girl sitting next to me handed him some money, saying, "Kalbadevi." The conductor gave her a ticket and turned to me. "Gautham Dhar," I told him, handing him the money. "Now what stop is that?" he asked

KALBADEVI!

me, annoyed.

I was confused. "That's my name," I said. "I do not want your name," the conductor said, "I want to know where you are to get off!"

"Is Kalbadevi a bus stop?" I asked.



"Yes, it is!" the conductor answered, and everyone in the bus had a hearty laugh at my expense.

Gautham Dhar, aged 12,
Shrine Vailankanni S.S.S.,
Madras.



Parent: Isn't my son outstanding?

Teacher: Yes, he is. He always 'stands outside' class!

Q: What did the fly which got influenza do?

A: It 'flu' to the hospital!

-V.S.Dheeraj, aged 14,
Petit Seminaire H.S.S.,
Pondicherry - 605 001.



A TOUCH OF BLUE



learnedly. "If he is in a sad mood the appropriate colour would be blue, wouldn't it?"

"You mean he is in a blue mood?" Ayalaan, the minister for foreign affairs asked.

The ministers and officials of Jayabalpore were puzzled and worried about something strange that was happening. Every now and then King Jayabalan's head was turning a vivid blue in colour. (See page 61 in the March '96 issue). No one knew how or why this happened.

The ministers who got into a blue funk over this matter decided to convene a cabinet meeting to discuss it.

"Perhaps it reflects his mood," said Arivili, the education minister,

"What is a blue mood?" Sigainasam, the home minister, wanted to know.

"Blue is usually associated with a sad or melancholy mood," said Arivili.

"Gentlemen," said Apothikari, the health minister, "I think this is serious. This must be a new disease that has come into the country. You have heard of flu. Well, this is blue."

"Nonsense," said Varisumai, the finance minister. "The king is blue blooded, that's all."

"I thought all blood was red," said

A TOUCH OF BLUE

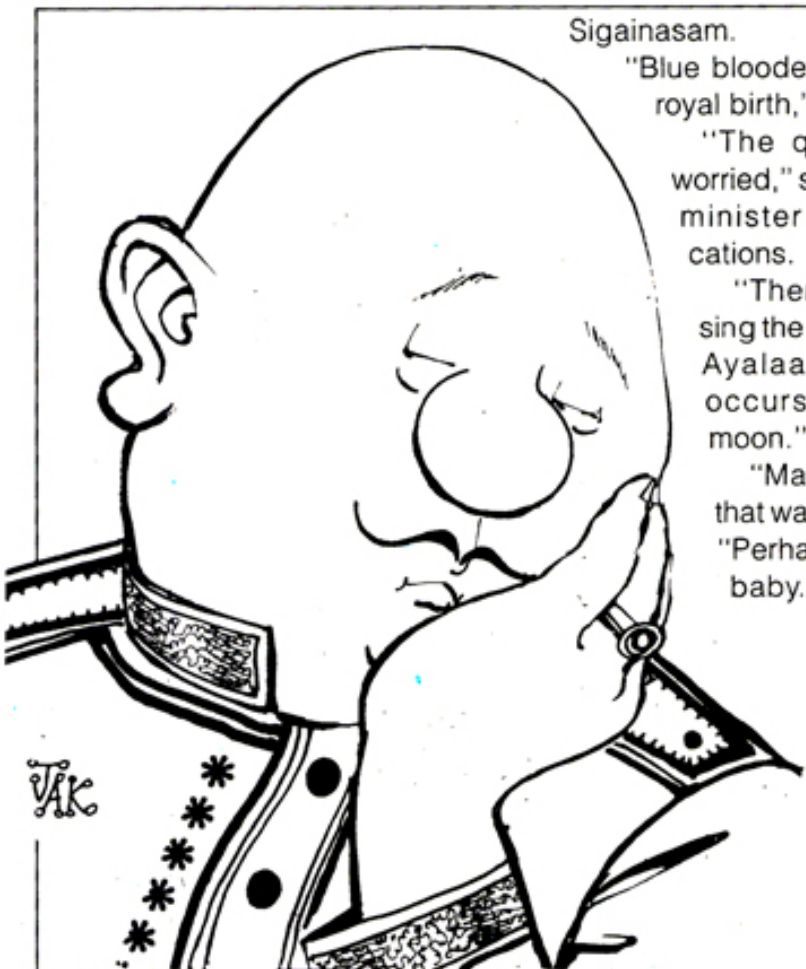
Blue : One of the three primary colours, blue is a cool colour. Red, yellow, and their derivatives are warm colours. Cool colours are soothing since they tend to recede. Warm colours are disturbing since they push themselves forward. So landscape painters use cool colours for the background and warm colours for the foreground.

Blues : A mournful type of song that originated in the slave camps when African natives were transported to America and sold

into slavery. It is not unlike the Tamil dirge called 'Oppari'.

Blue baby : A baby born with a congenital heart defect.

Blue whale : The largest living being on earth. It is an aquatic mammal that grows to over a hundred feet long. It is noted for its



Sigainasam.

"Blue blooded means to be of royal birth," Arivili explained.

"The queen is terribly worried," said Tholaipesi, the minister for communications.

"There is no need to sing the blues over it," said Ayalaan. "After all it occurs once in a blue moon."

"Maybe he was born that way," said Apothikari. "Perhaps he was a blue baby."

"But he is quite healthy and as strong as a blue whale," said Janwarappa, the minister for animal welfare.

"And as chirpy

adaptability and about to sail.

cleverness in surviving.

Bluebottle : A large fly with a blue body, mostly found in Australia.

Blue cheese : Cheese with veins of blue mould.

Blue Peter : A flag with a blue background and a white square in the centre, hoisted as a signal that the ship is

Blue Jackets : Sailors.

Blueing money : Wasting money. Perhaps a variation of blowing.

Bluebeard : A character in the fairy tale of the same name, written by Charles Perrault (who also wrote *Cinderella*) Bluebeard kills several wives in succession, and is an embodiment of nastiness.

Talk a blue streak : Talking fast, voluble.

Blue Book : Parliamentary report, a record of parliamentary proceedings.

Blue-eyed boy : Pet, favourite person.

Blue funk : Panic, excessive fear.

as a blue-bird," said Koothadi, the minister for culture.

"And buzzing about like a bluebottle," said Ganabadi, the minister for heavy industry, chuckling silently.

"But his head looks like a lump of blue cheese," said Sigainasam sadly.

"It's a good thing it is blue," said Koothadi. "Red or yellow would have been much more jarring."

"Well, there is a disease called yellow fever, and another called scarlet fever," said Apothikari.

"Let's send for some medical help from abroad," said Sigainasam.

"Well, Ayalaan, hoist your Blue Peter, and put your blue jackets to work," said Ganabadi.

"Let's not blue any money on this," said Varisumai. "There may be some local person who can do the job."

"Good thing our king doesn't grow a beard," said Ganabadi grinning fit to split his cheek. "He might have become Bluebeard."

"That would have been dangerous for the queen," said Arivili.

"What happened to Solmannan? Why isn't he here?" Sigainasam wondered.

"He would have talked a blue streak if he had been here," said Varisumai.

"Do we all agree that we should make an announcement calling for

help?" Sigainasam asked.

"Yes, we do. And let this resolution be recorded in the Blue Book," said Ayalaan.

A sentry came in at this point. "There is a man outside who says he can cure the king's condition," he said.

"Bring him in, bring him in," all the ministers chorused.

"Well, if this chap can cure the king he will be the blue-eyed boy around here," said Arivili.

The sentry brought the man in.



"It is true you can set right the blue condition of the king? Sigainasam asked.

"I have already done so," the man said calmly. "And it will never recur."

The ministers rushed to the next room where the king was sitting moodily. Sure enough, there was no tinge of blue on his head.

"Your Majesty, look in the mirror," they all shouted. "You are no longer blue." The king gazed at himself in the mirror, and smiled with satisfaction at his image.

"It is a miracle!" Sigainasam exclaimed.

The ministers rushed back to where the man was waiting.

"How on earth did you do it?" Arivili asked.

"It's truly marvellous!" Tholaipesi said.

"A miracle," said Sigainasam. "You must be a magician,"

"Oh, no," said the man shrugging his shoulders. "It was quite easy. You see, I am the printer."

JANAKAN



PET PALS

*"Meow!**Meow!"* cried*Min Min, Rachna's adorable kitten from the top of the mango tree in the backyard. Two-month-old Min Min was perched on a high branch and was trembling like a*MIN
MIN

leaf.

Min Min had landed in Rachna's house like this—her mother had strayed into the loft and delivered three cute little kittens behind a wooden box. Nobody at home had known about the kittens, until one afternoon, they had heard tiny meows. Rachna and two of her friends had been playing in the bedroom then. The heat had been unbearable, and her mother was having an afternoon nap.

Rachna and her friends had gone investigating, and found the cute kittens. Excited, she had woken her mother up. And she

showed the three kittens to her.

"Please allow me to keep them," she had begged her mother. So, very soon, Min Min and her brothers had been brought down from the loft to Rachna's bedroom. They looked like small balls of cotton rolling around. And how naughty they were! They bit into anything that they could lay their paws on.

They learned to climb trees and chase each other around the yard. It was a never-ending



entertainment for Rachna to watch. Min Min, the naughtiest of the three, was always looking out for a chance to run out of the gate.



One day, Rachna's parents had gone to visit a relative. Rachna had stayed back because she had had a bad headache. The kittens were their lively selves, and were quite disturbing. Not knowing what to do, Rachna let them out into the yard. She then settled herself at her favourite spot under the banyan tree and began reading a book.

Suddenly, her neighbour called out to her saying that there was a phone call for her. Rachna went out of the gate to attend the call. And she forgot to shut the gate.

Min Min was soon out of the gate. Happy to be on an adventure at last, she bounded out playfully. Some stray dogs spotted her and began to chase her, barking loudly. Min Min smartly escaped the dogs and ran out into the road. Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, a car came racing down the road, straight at Min Min.

At that moment, Rachna, coming

out of her neighbour's gate, saw her precious Min Min in danger. She darted into the path of the car and grabbed the kitten. Startled, the driver of the car swerved suddenly to the right and braked sharply. You can imagine the total chaos that the scene was, with Min Min yelling loudly in fright, and all the neighbours shouting and running towards the scene of near-accident.

Anyway, all's well that ends well, and Min Min was saved in the nick of time at Rachna's risk. All the excitement had done no good to her headache, and she had to rest for the whole evening before she could play with Min Min again.

But if you think Min Min had learnt a lesson, you are wrong. There she is on the top branch of the mango tree, mewing piteously and trembling like a leaf, waiting for Rachna to rescue her!

**Rachna Mahadevan, std V,
Apeejay School,
New Bombay.**

A loud bang sounded in the next room. Slap! Bang! I rushed in to see the daily scenario — that of my siblings having a fight. Paru, otherwise known as the meek and obedient sister, can put a lioness to shame when she gets into an angry fit. From the tangle of fists, I fished about and catching hold of her, managed to pull her away from Aditya. I got down to scolding them both. "What's wrong with you two? Can't

we have some peace around here?" and so on.

As I thought over it later, it struck me that the reason they fight so much must be due to the increasing popularity of Shahrukh Khan's stunt acts and the all time low reach-

ed by Gandhiji's ideals. What does Shahrukh Khan have that Gandhiji did not (other than a healthy stock of hair?) that allows him to cast a spell on five-year-olds? Time something was done about the state of things, I thought.

I called Aditya aside. "I am going to tell you about great man called Gandhiji." "Who? Rajiv Gandhi?" Today's kids know a lot. "No... a really great man — M.K.Gandhi." "Oh, I know about him," Aditya spoke with a superior smile, "He had a helper called Meera Ben and punished her because she wasted neem trees and water melons." I asked meekly, "Who told you that?" "I have a full lesson on him in English." He was still smiling.

"Oh yeah? Then how come you don't know about *Abimsa*?" I had scored a point. "What is *Abimsa*?" he asked, making me feel properly elder for the first time in the debate (it was meant to be a peace talk,

remember?). Ahimsa means that you should not fight. "Defiant look. I corrected myself. I had taken a wrong approach." Let me tell you a story. One day a man slapped Gandhiji on one cheek and..." "Why? Aditya asked, surprised, "What mischief did he do?"

Why didn't he just show him the same cheek?



"Never mind that!" I snapped, for my patience was at its limit.

"Just listen, okay? Questions later. So, once, a man slapped Gandhiji on one cheek and he showed him the other cheek. He didn't hit back like you and Paru. The man felt ashamed and did not hit again. That is *Abimsa*." Aditya was puzzled. "Why didn't he just show him the same cheek? Why show the other cheek?" I thought hard. Finally, "Won't it pain if you are hit hard twice on the same cheek?" I explained. Enlightenment dawned over his face. Final triumph of good over evil. I felt like patting myself on the back when he finally said, "I like *Abimsa*." I had done a smart job of moulding a young, fresh, inexperienced, impressionable mind.

Minutes later, Paru came rushing into my room in tears. "Aditya hid my book. He may tear it!" I rallied to the battle-front. "*Abimsa*!" I called out my war cry. Aditya came out with his explanation, "But Gayatri, I did not even touch her. I only called her bad names and hid her book. And she deserved it," he insisted.

"That's another form of disobeying *Abimsa*..." I started, not very sure of myself. "No, it isn't," he countered. "I can do what I wish with her

things. It is *Abimsa*. Gandhi only did not slap the man back. You do not know what else he must have done." That did it! "Aditya, give me the book," I commanded. In return, he gave me a good sound slap that pushed the air out of me. I stared in surprise for just a split second before running after the flying figure to give him a well-deserved thrashing. "*Abimsa, Abimsa!*" he pleaded desperately, holding up his hands. I stopped in my tracks. Only Old King Lear would understand how I felt.



Aditya was in my bad books for the rest of the day. I did not look at him in the eye or talk to him directly. I managed to completely ignore the poor thing.

The next day, I felt someone tugging at my sleeves. Knowing it was Aditya back from school, I turned around smiling to show that the fight was forgotten. "Guess what?" he was bursting with excitement. "I did *Abimsa* today." I almost choked on my coffee and stared at him in disbelief. Tears stung my eyes as he showed me an inch-long red scratch on the back of his small palm, "I did not scratch back."

Gayatri Chandrasekhar,
aged 16,
Maharashtra.

For well over 100 years, the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships in London have cast their magic spell over players and viewers alike. Wimbledon has now come to be recognised as not only the greatest tennis tournament but also one of the biggest and most prestigious sporting events in the world.

The Wimbledon championships, the oldest 'grand slam' event (the others are the U.S., French and

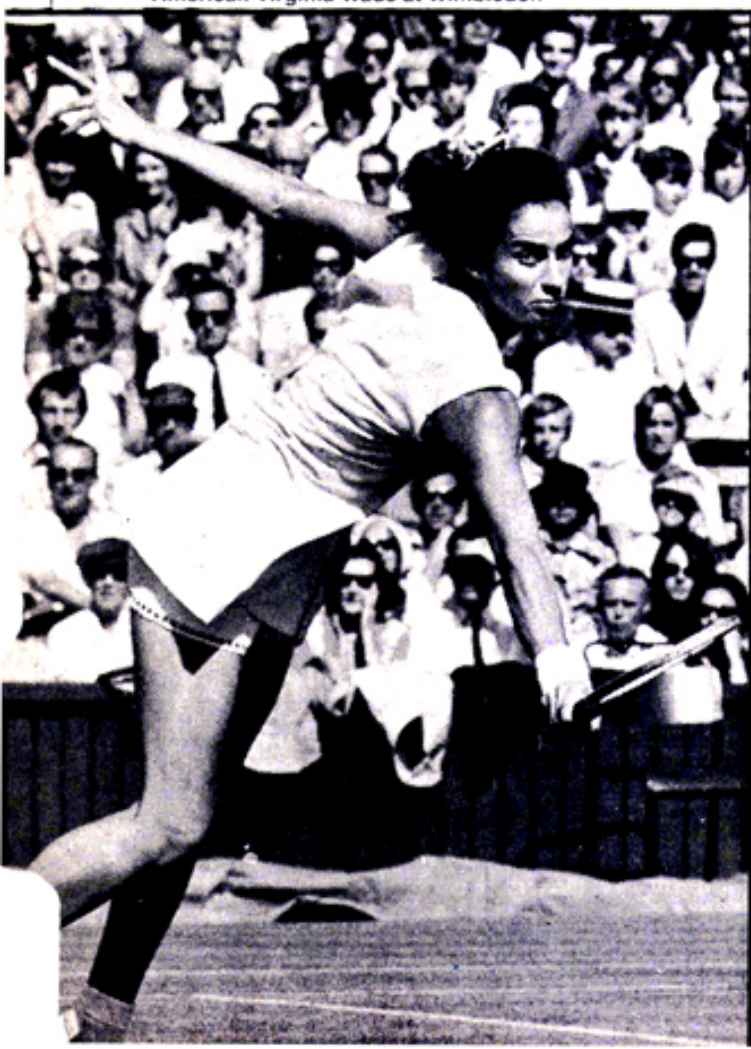
Australian Open championships), began in 1877. Success here is the ultimate achievement for a player: It is this that makes leading tennis 'stars' from around the world play their best and vie for top honours at Wimbledon.

Pete Sampras (USA), who beat Boris Becker (Germany) in the last year's singles final, is the first player since Bjorn Borg (Sweden) to have won three titles in a row at Wimbledon. Borg had won five times, from 1976 to 1980.

Steffi Graf (Germany) won a memorable battle against Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario last year to regain the women's singles title which she had surprisingly lost in the first round in 1994. It was her sixth singles title win since her debut in 1984. Steffi Graf was a four-year-old girl when she first picked up a tennis racket; it was one of her father's and he sawed off part of the handle so that she could lift it. From that moment Steffi has not looked back.

Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario (Spain) partly made up for her singles defeat at the

* American Virginia Wade at Wimbledon



hands of Steffi Graf last year by winning the women's doubles title, partnered by Jana Novotna

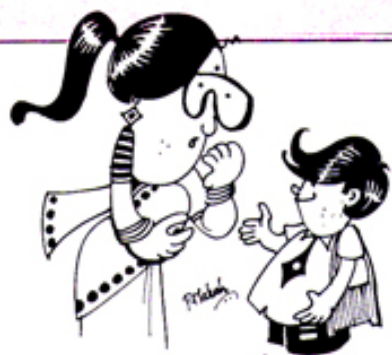
THE MAGIC OF WIMBLEDON

WIMBLEDON SIDELIGHTS

(Czech Republic).

The legendary Martina Navratilova claimed her 19th Wimbledon title to date at the 1995 championships when she won the mixed doubles crown in partnership with fellow American Jonathan Stark.

* The All England Club, which conducts the Wimbledon championships, is building a new and bigger Court 1 which is expected to be ready next year. It is part of the Club's largest improvement project since it moved to the present site at Church Road in 1922. The new Court 1 will have a



Teacher : What did we get on 15th August with the help of Mahatma Gandhiji?

Student : A holiday!

**D.V. Deeplika, aged 13,
Bangalore - 560 085.**

seating capacity of 11,500. Centre Court seating will be expanded to 13,900 from the present 13,100; and there are also plans for a new Court 2.

* The Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Museum at the All England Club has on display trophies, replicas and memorabilia representing the history of lawn tennis. An audio-visual theatre shows films of great matches. The shop attached to the museum offers a wide range of attractive souvenirs.

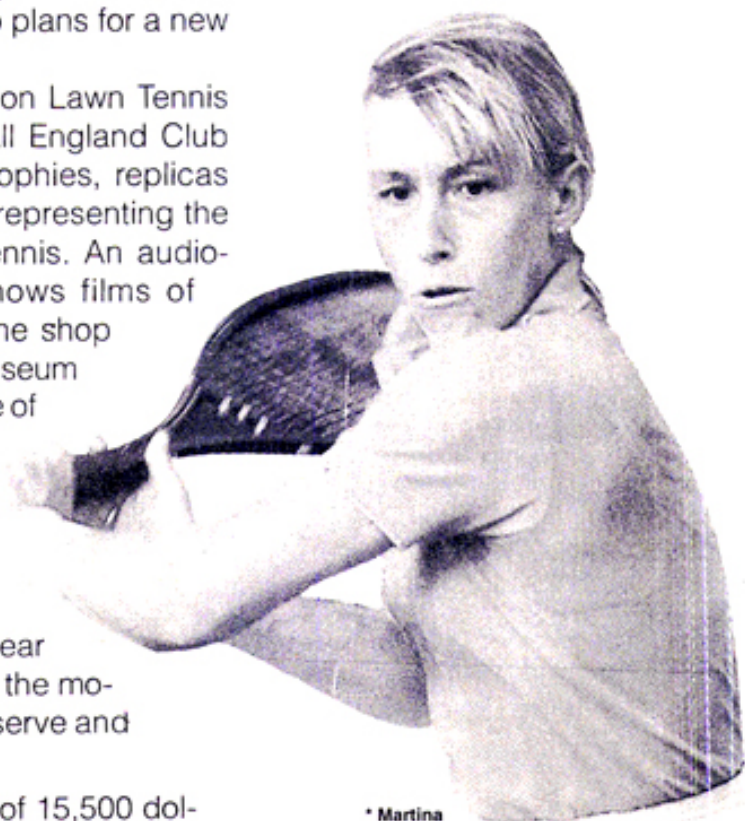
* Slower balls were introduced at Wimbledon last year in a bid to reduce the monotony of the big serve and clinching volley.

* A record fine of 15,500 dollars was imposed on Jeff Tarango

(USA), who walked off court during a third-round singles match in last year's Wimbledon tournament and later made a series of accusations against the umpire. The previous highest fine levied at Wimbledon was 10,000 dollars — on John McEnroe (also of USA) in 1991 for verbal abuse.

* Tennis enthusiasts flocking to Wimbledon consume tons of strawberries and gallons of cream which are delivered to the grounds every day during the fortnight-long championships held in June-July.

— GEETHA
BALACHANDRAN



* Martina
at play

Some patients are disappointed with their doctor if they are not given an injection. An injection is considered superior to oral medicine. Some patients even compel their doctor to give them injections.

Injection is only one of the many ways of administering drugs (medicine) including swallowing, applying on the skin and inhaling.

There are different kinds of injections. An injection that is given just under the skin acts at a slow rate; an injection in the muscles yields a slightly quicker action. Sometimes, it is given directly into the veins for rapid action. When a drug has to reach the affected part quickly, it is injected even in the artery that supplies blood to that part of the body. Drugs are also injected into the bone-marrow, the peritoneal cavity, etc.

The method by which a drug is to be administered is decided by the doctor based on many factors. Drugs administered by injection act faster than when they are taken through the mouth. But adverse effects, if any also set in quickly. For example, if a drug is swallowed by a patient allergic to it, he will develop the signs of allergy rather slowly and further use of the drug can be stopped immediately and in time. Treatment

for allergy also can be started immediately. If the same drug is injected, the reaction is quick and the patient may suffer what is called anaphylatic shock which is very difficult to treat and may result in death.

So the doctor decides to give an injection only in certain circumstances. A few examples are :

- ◆ The drug is such that it is not absorbed by the gut.



INJECTION

- ◆ The drug is such that it will be destroyed or modified by food and digestive juices in the alimentary canal.

- ◆ When urgent treatment is required.

- ◆ If there is vomiting, or if the patient is unconscious.

- ◆ If the patient is unable to swallow.

So don't ask your doctor for an injection. He knows when to give it to you.

V. Thiruvengadam



Grandma! What's story are you going to tell us today?" Guddu asked his granny.

Grandma smiled at him and said, "Guddu, Munnu, finish up your curd rice fast and then we'll talk about stories."

Guddu and Munnu were twins and had come to their granny's place to spend their summer vacations. They had a very good time playing with the village children. At night, grandma would tell them stories. They loved to listen to them, and wouldn't sleep until grandma had finished the story.

"We've finished, grandma," said Munnu excitedly, "And we've also cleaned up the table."

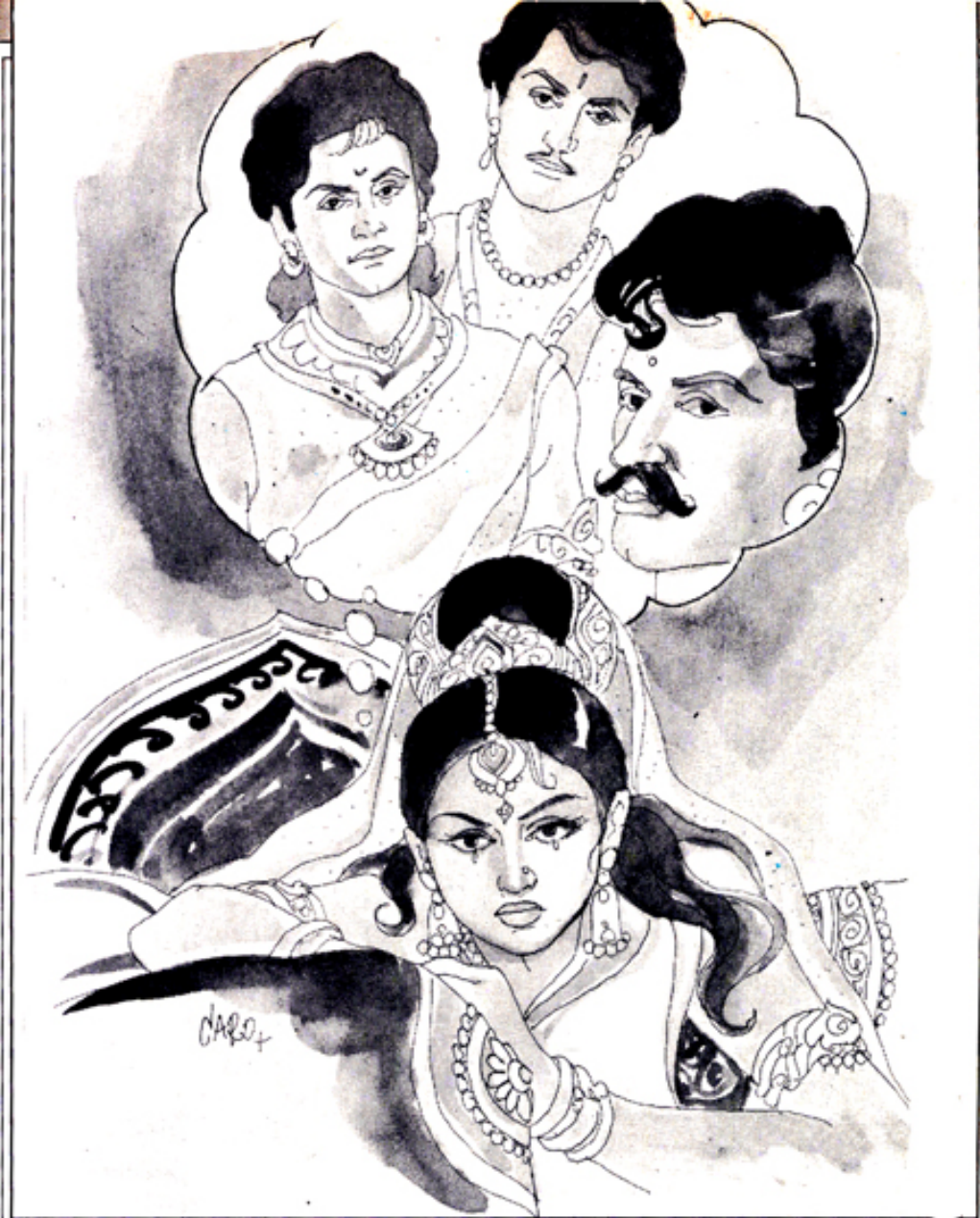
"Good," said grandma, "Come, I'll tell you the story of the three princes..."

Long, long ago, there was a king who had a very

beautiful daughter named Swarnalekha. The king was getting older, and he wanted to get his daughter married off quickly. So he sent messages all over the land that 'whomever the princess sees first the next morning will win her hand'. Princes from different lands hastened to the kingdom. The next morning, when Swarnalekha woke up and opened the door to her room, she saw three princes standing in front of her. Now for the life of her, she couldn't say which prince she had seen first. All three princes were handsome and brave, and were heirs to good kingdoms. Which prince was she to marry?

Now the king was in a soup. The princess could not possibly marry all three princes. One of them was Yogavardha of Aravali, the second was Devadutta of Pipalpur, and the third prince was Sukhadenu, the prince of Rampur. The king could not hit upon a solution to the problem and could hardly sleep that night.

THE THREE PRINCES



CHART

The next morning, something awful happened. When Swarnalekha was plucking flowers in the garden, she missed her step, fell into an old crumbling well and died.

The whole kingdom was grief-stricken. The three princes were struck with sorrow too. Prince Yogavardha was so upset that he jumped into the funeral pyre of the

princess and died. Prince Devadutta performed all the rituals for the dead princess to appease her soul. And Sukhadenu left his kingdom for a life of an ascetic in the Himalayas.

On his way to the Himalayas, Prince Sukhadenu met a tired and hungry sanyasi. The generous



prince gave the sanyasi all the food and water he had with him. The pleased sanyasi granted him a boon. The prince narrated his story.

The sanyasi, with his magical powers brought the princess and Yogavardha back to life. Then, transporting all three back to the kingdom, he vanished.

Everyone was overjoyed that the princess was alive once again. But once again, the problem arose, which prince should marry the princess?

Grandma stopped telling her story, and asked the twins, "Who do you think should marry the princess?"

"She should marry Prince Sukhadenu," said Guddu. "It was he who helped bring her back to life."

"No, granny," said Munnu, "She should marry Prince Yogavardha, for he loved her so much. He gave up his life for her..."

"But, children," said granny with a smile, "In the story, the princess marries Prince Devadutta."

"Why?" asked the surprised twins.

"Sukhadenu brought the princess back to life," said granny, "So in a way, he had become her guardian. And since Yogavardha was brought back to life with her, he, in effect, became her brother. It is only a husband who does rituals for his dead wife. So

Devadutta is the one who should marry her. And he did." Grandma smiled.

The twins smiled back and shut their eyes. Grandma quietly switched off the light and went out of the room.

**Bhargavi and Sudharsan,
Mumbai 71.**

SNAKY PAYASAM

How to make it:

Boil and cool milk. Bring the glass of water to boil and add the noodles, without the tastemaker. Boil the noodles till soft, and add the sugar. Stir well and remove from fire. Add the cooled milk to it with the vanilla essence. Serve cooled, garnished with dried



You need:

1 packet maggi noodles
Two and a half glasses milk
1 glass water
Half a glass sugar (to taste)
Dried grapes, cashewnuts and
cherries to garnish
Vanilla essence, a few drops

grapes, cashewnuts and
cherries.

R. Esther,
aged 14,

Y.W.C.A. Matric H.S. S.,
Trichy 14.



Q: Why was Cinderella bad at football?
A: Her coach was a pumpkin.

Patient: Doctor, doctor, I feel like a bee!

Doctor: Buzz off! I'm busy!

Malavika Varadan, aged 8,
Sri Aurobindo Memorial School,
Bangalore - 41.



 rinivasan was standing at the bus stop waiting for his bus. It was nearly eight o'clock.

"I hope I am not late," thought Srinivasan.

Recently, Srinivasan's family had moved house, and school was quite far away from the new house. The old house had been just walking-distance away from the school.

The bus came, and Srinivasan got in. He found a seat for himself, bought his ticket and opened his bag. Then removing his diary, he began to check whether he had done all his homework.

 uddenly, he heard an old quavering voice asking the conductor for a ticket.

AN OFFER TO SERVE

He looked up. It was an old woman. She looked weak and frail.

Srinivasan once again bent over his diary, cross-checking his homework. Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was the old woman.

"Son," she said, "I am unable to stand anymore. May I have your seat please?"

"Why not?" exclaimed Srinivasan, packing the diary into his

bag and getting up. The old lady sat down, and heaved a loud sigh of relief.

Srinivasan felt happy. He felt he had done a good deed that day.

That day in school, the crafts teacher was absent. So another teacher was assigned to take care of the class for that period.

"Children," said the teacher, "I don't want to take any lessons this period. Let's do something else instead. You can tell me one by one, some of the interesting experiences you have had today."

The students got up one by one and related some of their experiences, and what they had learnt from them. Then it was Srinivasan's turn.

Srinivasan described the incident in

the bus, and related how he had given up his seat for the old lady.

"I was very happy to do a good deed," Srinivasan concluded, "I will do it again if I get the opportunity."

All the students in class applauded Srinivasan. But the teacher smiled and said, "No doubt you have done something good. But Srinivasan, isn't it our duty to offer everything first to our elders? You should have done it right away, and not waited for the old lady to ask you for the seat."

Srinivasan looked puzzled.

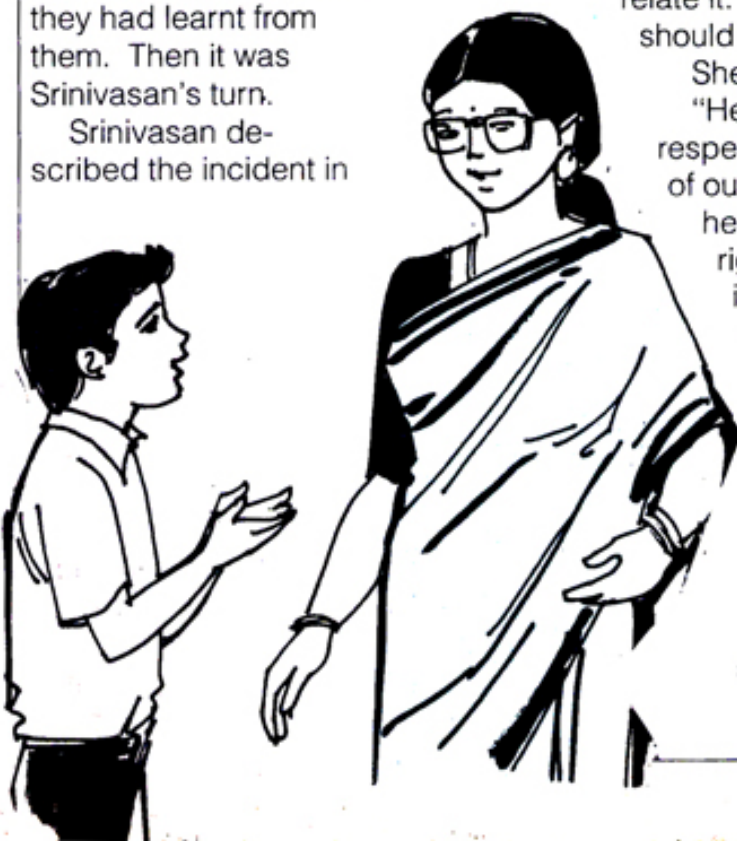
"Think about it, Srinivasan," said the teacher gently, "It was not a 'good deed' as you relate it. It is something you should do naturally."

She turned to the class.

"Helping our elders and respecting them is a part of our culture. Srinivasan here, had done the right thing by vacating his seat for the old lady. But the next time, remember, the respect you should accord to your elders should come naturally and from the heart."

Srinivasan understood.

**DURGA PRASAD
THOTA**



CREATIVE CORNER

Shilpa Reddy, Std XI,
Anna Adarsh Mat. H.S.S.,
Madras.



N.J. Kalpana, aged 12,
A.E.C. School,
Kalpakkam.

Abhijeet Sarkar, aged 12,
Harneet H.S.,
24 Parganas.





Aparna Sherlekar, aged 8,
National Public School,
Bangalore.



Vivek N.,
Kerala - 673 654.



Sashikumar S., aged 15,
Sarvodaya English School,
Bangalore.

Sumanta Ranjan Pal, aged 13,
Harnett H.S., Nadia - 741 235.

SKY TALES



Have you ever noticed the clouds on a rainy day? Did the threatening black clouds frighten you and did you notice them change colour? Let me tell you why....

Long long ago, when God created the world, it was colourless. So He decided that He had to brighten up the world with some colour. He took some paint, and made the sky



Calitta-

COLOURED CLOUDS!

blue, the earth brown and the birds and animals of different markings and colours... But God did not paint the trees and the clouds for He did not find suitable colours for them.

He worked for

many days to find a new colour. He mixed many colours together and finally landed up with the green hue. He painted the trees and plants green. But He hadn't found a colour for the clouds as yet. So He declared that He would not paint the clouds and left them as they were - soft and white.

People on earth lived happily until the rains came. The rains were so severe that it lashed the earth and created floods. The frightened people went to God and told Him that they could live on earth no more since their villages and houses were under water.

God did not know what to do. He finally decided to have a talk with the clouds. He went to them and said, "Dear clouds. You should stop this fierce rain. Don't you see - the earth is getting flooded?"

"Lord," the clouds replied, "We don't know how to stop raining. We have to receive a command from you, don't we?"

The lord then decided that He would help clouds know when to rain and when not to by giving them colours to follow.

"I'll paint the clouds red if they have to stop raining," the Lord decided, "and they shall be yellow if they are to get ready to rain, and green when they have to start raining."

But alas! Almost all God's pots of colours were empty, and there was just a drop of green left.

"Of course," remembered God, "I used up all the green in painting the plants and trees."

So He asked the clouds themselves what colour they would like to be painted.

A large cloud politely replied, "We are always white and are tired of being white. Paint us black when we have to rain."

There was no problem now.



When God wanted the clouds to rain, He painted them black. When He wanted them to stop, He painted a seven-coloured band across the sky. Sometimes God just forgot to paint this band on time, and this caused floods.

That is why you know when it is going to rain. When the clouds darken, it is time for you to take your umbrella out.

K. Keerthana Karumbaiah,
aged 13, Vijaya H. S., Bangalore.

This is a mythical story about a flower, in which the hero was a beautiful lad, whose name was Narcissus. His beauty was so great, that all girls who saw him longed to be his, but he would have none of them. He would pass the loveliest carelessly by, no matter how much she tried to make him look at her.

Even the sad case of the fairest of the nymphs, Echo, did not move him. She had been a favourite of Artemis the Goddess of Woods and Wild Creatures, but she had come under the displeasure of a still mightier goddess, Hera herself, who was at her usual occupation of trying to discover what Zeus the king of gods was about. She suspected that Zeus was in love with one of the nymphs, and unable to discover who, turned against the nymph, Echo, who was chattering in a gay manner. With her usual injustice she punished the poor girl and condemned her never to use her tongue again

except to repeat what was said to her. "You will always have the last word," Hera said, "but no power to speak first."

This was very hard, but hardest of all came when Echo, too, fell in love Narcissus. She would follow him, but she could not speak to him. How then, could she make a youth, who never looked at a girl, pay attention to her? One day, however, it seemed her chance had come. He was calling to her

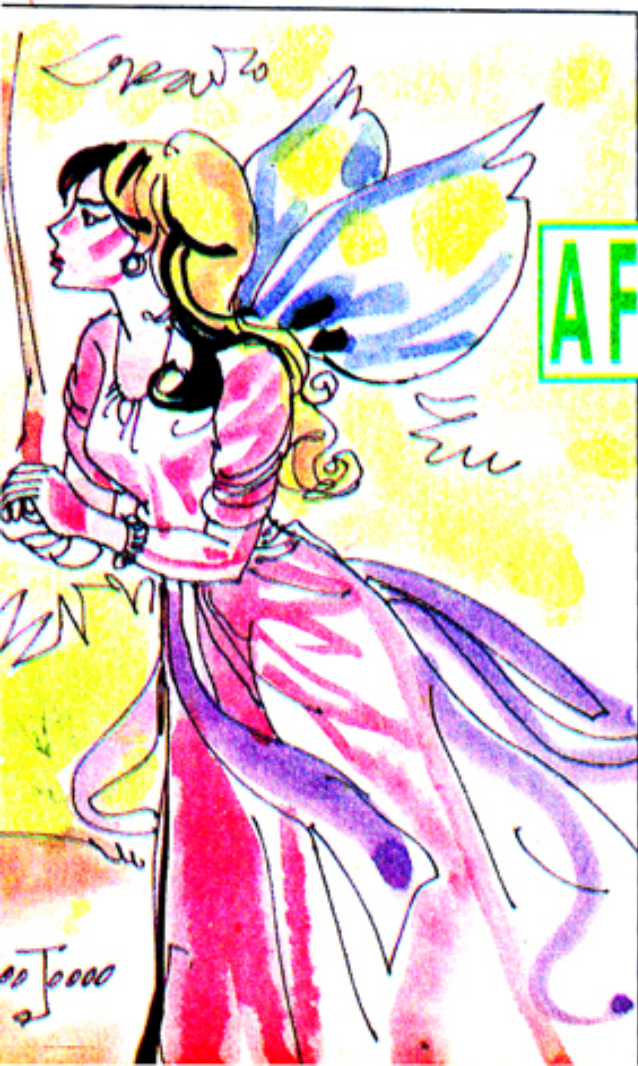


companions. "Is anyone here?" and she called back in rapture, "Here-here!" She was still hidden in the trees so that he did not see her, and he shouted, "Come!" Just what she longed

to say to him. She answered joyfully, "Come!" and stepped forth from the woods her arms outstretched. But he turned away in angry disgust. "Not so," he said, "why should I come to

NARCISSUS AND ECHO

A FLOWER MYTH



you? I will die before I give you power over me." All she could say was humbly, entreatingly, "I give you power over me," but he was gone. She hid her blushes and her shame in a lonely cave, and never could be comforted. She still lives in places like that and they say she has so wasted away with longing that only her voice is now left of her. Her voice still dwells in caves and de-



serted places and one can hear her— Echo—call back the last word.

So Narcissus went on in his cruel way, a scorner of love, But at last, one of those he wounded prayed a prayer and it was answered by the gods, "May he who loves not others love himself." The great goddess Nemesis, which means righteous anger, undertook to bring this about. As Narcissus bent over a clear pool for a drink, he saw there his own reflection. In that moment, he fell in love with it. "Now I know," he cried, "What others have suffered from me, for I burn with the love of my own self — and yet how can I reach that loveliness I see mirrored in the water? But I cannot leave it. Only death can set me free." And so it happened. He pined

away, leaning perpetually over the pool, fixed in one long gaze at his own reflection. Echo was near him, but she could do nothing; only when, dying, he called to his image. "Farewell-farewell," could she repeat the words as a last good-bye to him.

Then, they say that, when his spirit crossed the river that encircles the world of the dead, it leaned over the boat to catch a final glimpse of itself in the water.

The nymphs he had scorned were kind to him in death and sought his body to give it burial, but they could not find it. Where it had lain, there was blooming a new and lovely flower, and they called it by his name, Narcissus. And that is how people who are full of self love came to be called Narcissus.

GITA BHARADWAJ

BURNT RICE!

My family and I were vacationing at grandfather's house. One day, we decided to visit a temple nearby. Grandma was busy placing the rice in a vessel on the gas, when we told her of our plan.

"Hurry up, grandma," we said. Grandma did hurry up, and in her haste, forgot to turn off the gas. None of us remembered this, and enjoyed our temple visit very much.

When we entered the house, there was a smell of something burning. Grandma ran into the kitchen with an exclamation. There, we found the vessel of rice on the gas, with everything fully burnt.

That day, we had to eat our lunch at two o'clock.

Suchita J. Pandya, aged 9.

Dear Suchita, You have not written your address on your contribution. Please send it to us. Ed.



CARAMILK PUDDING

You need:

- 1 cup milk
- An egg
- 3 tsp sugar
- A few drops vanilla essence

How to make it:

Boil the milk and add sugar to it. Make sure the sugar dissolves, then remove the milk from the fire

and cool. Beat the egg and add to the cooled milk along with the vanilla essence.

For the caramilk:

Dissolve two tsps. of sugar in water and place on the fire. Stir continuously till the mixture becomes brown. Take a shallow vessel and pour the caramel into it. Allow it to cool completely.

Then pour the egg and milk mixture over the caramel. Place it in the pressure cooker and cook for half an hour without putting the weight on.

Allow the cooked pudding to cool. Invert the shallow vessel into a flat plate and place it in the fridge for a couple of hours.

Now your pudding is ready to be eaten and enjoyed.

For best results, take an adult's help.

**Joan Madtha, aged 16,
Dharwar.**



Gulmohar — the name of our new house was beautiful. It was a big, huge house with airy windows. It was built on top of a hillock and the view around it was breathtaking. But there was a small problem.

Let me start from the beginning. We had been living in Bombay and were used to its fast life, traffic, pollution and the deafening roar of vehicles. We had lots of friends and went

Kulu valley. We are leaving day after tomorrow." We were stunned. We protested, groaned, but what could we do?

So now, we are here in Kulu. We looked for a good house in Kulu, but had no luck. We were staying in a lodge. One day, when we returned from our house-hunting, sad and crestfallen, the lodge owner approached us. He seemed to have understood our problem. "It is very difficult to get a house in Kulu. But if you are so desperate, I can get you

GIRLS, PACK UP!



GHOST OF

GULMOHAR

to a good school. My mom, me and my sister Niyati were happy there. But not my father, apparently. One day, back from the office he dropped a bombshell, "Girls, pack up. We are leaving Bombay. I have been transferred to the picturesque

a house real cheap," he said.

That is how we came to Gulmohar. On seeing the house my sister Niyati said, "Wow! What a marvellous house! But why would someone give away such a beautiful house so cheap? Why, it looks so grand!



It sure was fishy. But forget it, we decided, who cares, when the house was so beautiful. We went inside and unpacked our bags. Our furniture arrived the next day, and with its arrival, the problems began.

That night, strange sounds came from the living room. I sat up in my bed and listened hard. There it was, the creaking and groaning as if someone was moving the furniture. I was not just scared, I was petrified. I covered myself with blankets and stuffed my fingers into my ears.

The next morning, when I came down for breakfast, I was bewildered. All the furniture seemed to have been re-arranged. "Mummy why did you re-arrange the furniture that too in the middle of the night?" I asked. Mummy came out of the kitchen. Her mouth which opened to say something to me remained so for a few seconds. Then she regained her

composure and scolded me, "Shubha why have you re-arranged the furniture without asking me? You could have broken your back moving that monstrous sofa."

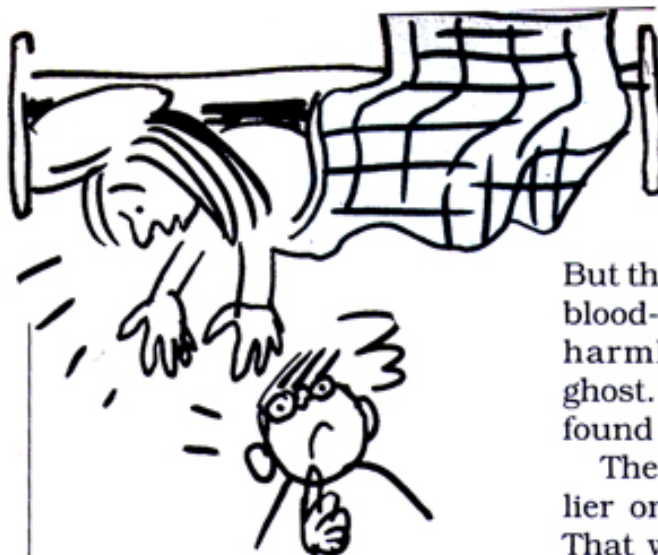
I was surprised. Something queer was certainly on. Neither daddy nor Niyati too, had re-arranged the furniture.

Niyati and I joined the local nearby school. In the break of my first day there, I made a friend — Shubha. When I told her where I lived she almost fainted. Her face was frozen. "Find a new home," was all that she could say.

I quietly walked back home thinking about the night's happenings and Shubha's words. I mentioned it at dinner, but nobody thought much about it.

The night passed eventlessly. At least that was what I thought, since there was no sound. But when morning came, we entered the dining room and what a sight met our eyes!

The whole room was topsy turvy. The ceiling had become the floor and the floor the ceiling! The furniture was hanging from the ceiling and the chandeliers and bulbs were



fixed to the floor.

The whole day was spent bringing the furniture down and putting the bulbs and chandeliers up.

The quiet life in Kulu was turning out to be quite exciting. We decided to find out more about *Gulmohar*. When the postman came the next day, Niyati and I rushed out and started bombarding him with questions. He told us the history of the house. He told us

that nobody stayed in *Gulmohar* for more than a week. It was haunted.

Yes, a haunted house.

But the ghost was not the scary, blood-sucking type. He was a harmless furniture moving ghost. Not quite harmless as we found out later!

The ghost dropped a chandelier on daddy's delicate head. That was the last straw. Now we decided to pack up and leave *Gulmohar*. We had even broken the record. We had stayed at *Gulmohar* for two weeks!

We did not have the heart to leave *Gulmohar* and move into the small, house that daddy had located elsewhere in Kulu. As all of us stood there gazing at the house, daddy seemed to have made up his mind.

He unlocked the door and went in. "Let's live here," said daddy. "What can the ghost do, after all?"

We re-settled ourselves at *Gulmohar*.

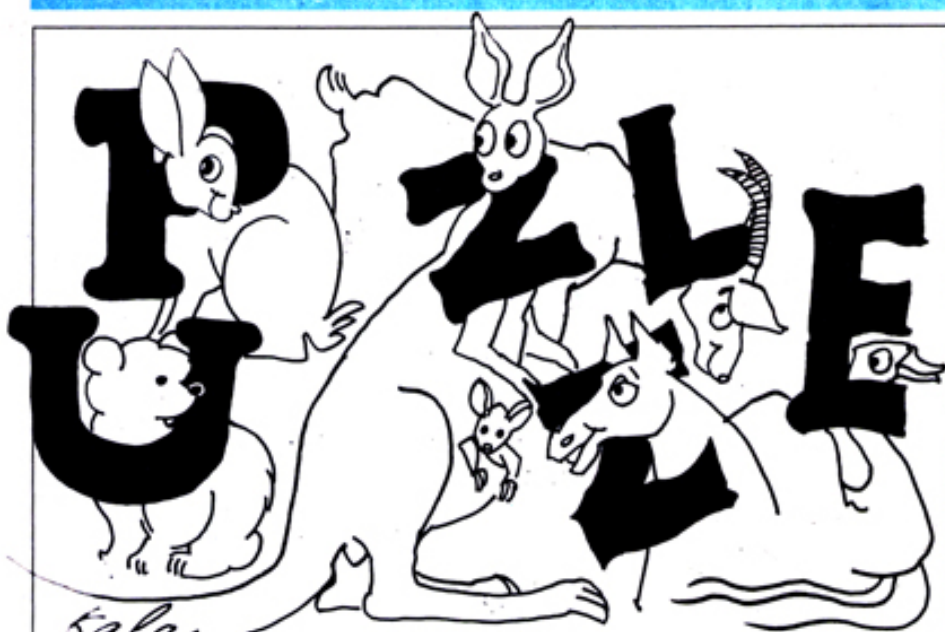
It is exciting to wake up in the morning and find your bed hanging from the ceiling. The furniture always look as if they have been thrown into the house. And it takes time to get used to watch T.V. upside down. But why spoil the ghost's fun?

**Shubha Hegde,
A.E.C.S.-4,
Bombay.**

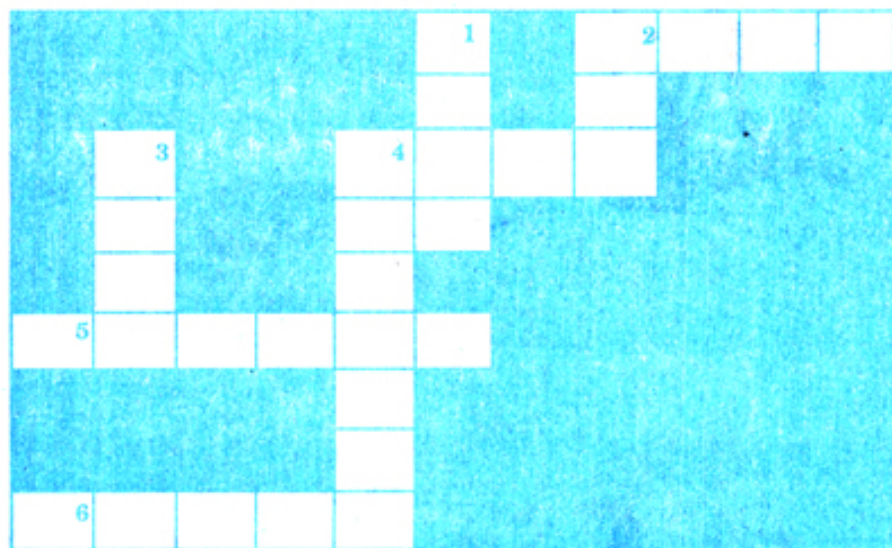
Diner : Waiter, there is a fly in my soup.
Waiter (in surprise) : How can it be? I had already removed three flies from it.

**V. Manju, aged 11,
Secunderabad - 500 009.**





I have given the names of some animals. Guess their young ones and fill in their names in this grid.



Clues Across

2. Zebra
4. Sheep
5. Swan
6. Turkey

Clues Down

1. Horst
2. Bear
3. Kangaroo
4. Hare

P. Rajesh,
aged 11 ,
CFTRI School,
Mysore.

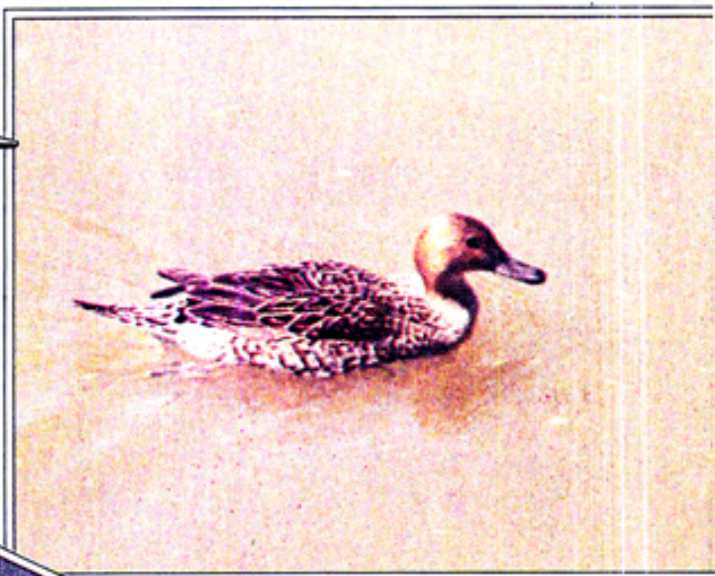
Solution on page 82



DUCKS IN THE WATER



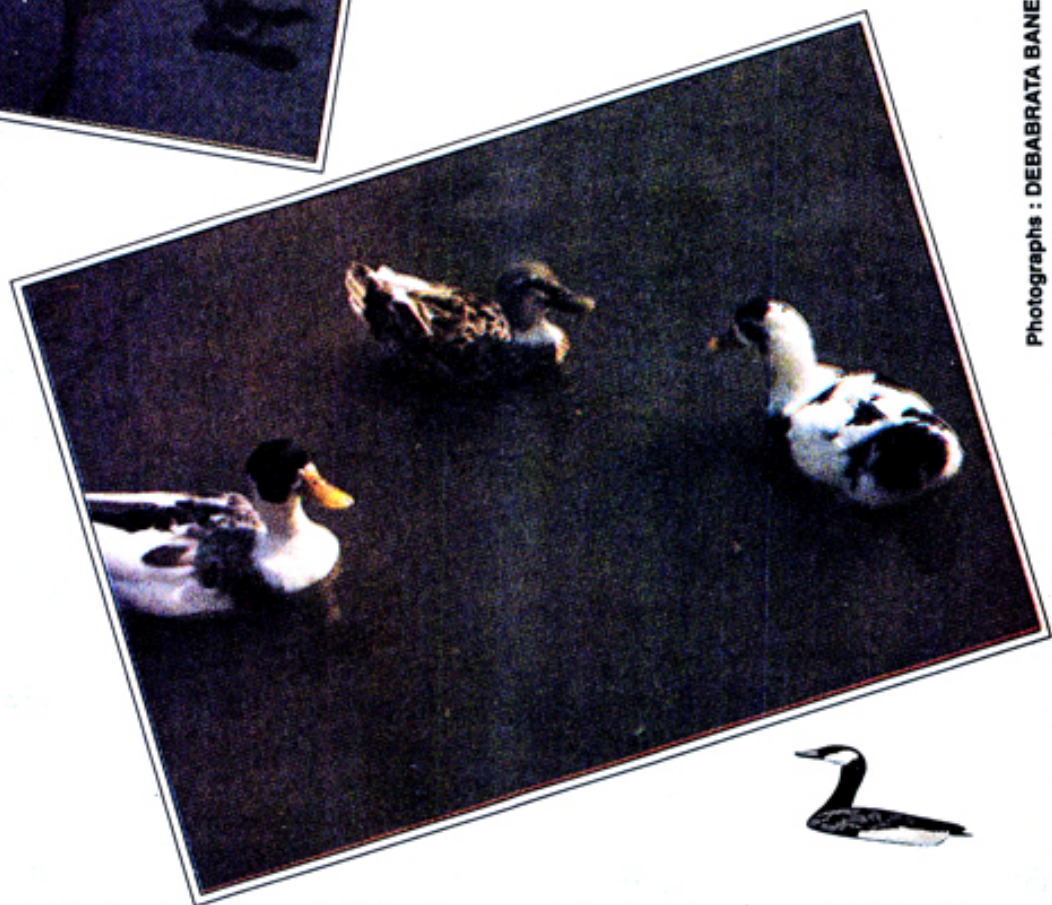
GO



QUACK



PHOTO-FEATURE



Photographs : DEBABRATA BANERJEE



QUACK, QUACK!



* Courtesy Sunday

DOLPHIN GIRL

Miss Rupali Repale is all of 14 years old. But this girl from India is enroute to becoming a major celebrity. Nicknamed 'Dolphin' by her parents, this tiny, unassuming girl is swimming her way to fame.

On February 15, 1996, Rupali swam the Port Philip bay, near



Melbourne on Australia's East coast - a distance of 60 kms in 17 hours.

For this little lady, it was yet another feather in her cap. In 1994, in the space of a couple of months she had managed to swim the English Channel as well as the strait of Gibraltar. 1995 saw her conquering the Palk Strait. Rupali's feat hasn't gone unnoticed. As she swam the icy waters near Melbourne more than ten TV crew were in attendance. The marathon swim complete, an exhausted Rupali had enough enthusiasm to declare, "My next swim will be the Panama Canal."

YOUNGEST SWIMMER

The youngest long distance swimmer in the world, 9-year-old, Arun Balaji, swam 35 kms from the Neil Island to Corbyons Cave in Port Blair, on March 2, 1996. A student of Class V in Madras, Arun covered the distance in thirteen hours. Arun Balaji crossed the 32 km Palk Strait in March, 1995, and 81 kms in the Bhagirathi river in August, 1995.

COSTLY 'BATMOBILE' CAR

Holy mystery! Someone has bought the 'Batmobile', and nobody knows who.

The futuristic car from the 1989 'Batman' film was sold to an anonymous fan, who phoned in the winning bid of \$189,500 at an auction of Hollywood Memorabilia held by the Butterfield & Butterfield Auction House in Los Angeles on February 27, 1996.

The 'Batmobile' is an elec-

OLDEST WOMAN

Brazil's oldest woman, former slave girl Maria Do Carmo Geronimo, celebrated her 125th birthday on March 5, 1996. The secret of old age is to eat everything and pray often, the single and childless woman Maria said. She said she looked forward to visiting the sea again and would like to visit the Pope.

Ms. Maria was freed in 1889 and now lives in the town of her birth, Carmo De Minas in Minasgerais State.



SNIPPETS

CRICKET WORLD RECORD

Sri Lanka set a new world record on March 6, 1996 in the history of cricket. Sri Lanka's 398 for 5 wickets in 50 overs against Kenya is the highest total in One Day Internationals.

The Wills World Cup 1996 match was played at the Asgiriya Stadium in Kandy, Sri Lanka on March 6, 1996.

Kenya scored only 254 runs for 7 wickets in 50 overs.

SNIPPETS

tric car, which has a hydraulic system that raises and lowers the chassis and a battery charging system. Butterfield & Butterfield spokeswoman Ms. Levi Morgan said the new *Batmobile* owner wanted to remain anonymous. The previous owner, also anonymous, put the car on the auction block because he was converting his 'Bat Cave' into a nursery for his new born baby.

The 'Batmobile' was the highlight of the sale, which brought in more than 1 million dollars.

SNIPPETS

KITE FLYING RECORD

A professor in Bangalore, Karnataka, claims to have set the world's largest kite single handedly.

Prof. S. Ramesh Babu, who is teaching at an engineering college in Bangalore, performed the feat in Bangalore on March 2, 1996. The kite, weighing 2.5 kg measuring 15 ft. by 15 ft. and with a 15 ft tail of 1 ft. 4 inches wide, was flown using a 52.38 metres long nylon rope of 4mm diameter.

The kite was made of a thin plastic sheet of 5 feet width, with PVC pipes, aluminium and chrome-plated steel pipes.



SNIPPETS



THE

cute looking giant panda with soft fur and characteristic dark patches around the eyes is a delight to watch in movies and pictures. Even the best of our zoos that can provide a natural environment to animals brought from remote places cannot house the giant pandas. This species is facing extinction. Bamboo shoots are the only staple food of the pandas and it has been ten years since bamboo blossoms were last seen in the original habitat of the giant panda, that is, the

THE HOME OF THE PANDAS

mountain ranges of East China covering Sichuan and Shaanxi provinces.

Scarcity of bamboo shoots is the recent tale of woe accounting for the depletion this species. But until a century ago, panda bears were extensively hunted for their fur and for sacrificial purposes. But pandas have survived and are found only in China, especially in the mountain ranges of the Sichuan Province called the four-girl mountain. This is the only region in the world that provides an ideal home for the panda bear. There is a story behind this...

Losan, the eldest of four sisters was tending her sheep near a cave where a giant panda was living. The panda offered her some bamboo shoots and invited her to its cave. Losan grew fond of the panda and after some time, she and her three sisters became good friends of the panda.

One day, when Losan and the giant

panda were playing, a leopard suddenly pounced on the panda. Losan screamed and whipped the leopard. The leopard turned and attacked her. Losan lost her life in her attempt to save the panda.

At her funeral, Losan appeared



DID YOU KNOW THAT...



✂ the rate of extinction in early times was one species in every 1,000 years? It was one in every ten years between 1600 and 1950 and at present, one every year.

✂ in the year 1996 alone, 20

species are feared to have become extinct? Some of them are Chinese alligators, the flightless kakapo parrot of New Zealand, the largest butterfly in the world and the Californian condor.

✂ about 900 species are threatened with extinction in next few years of which 4% are mammals?

✂ the three P's namely pollution, population and poaching are the main causes of extinction? -Snow leopards and pronghorns are found on the endangered list mainly due to indiscriminate hunting?

✂ New Zealand, Madagascar, Rodriguez, West Indies and the Hawaiian islands have suffered most as far as loss of bird population goes?

✂ - Indian tigers, Asiatic lions, rhinos of Assam and the lion-tailed Macaque monkeys of India are on the endangered list?

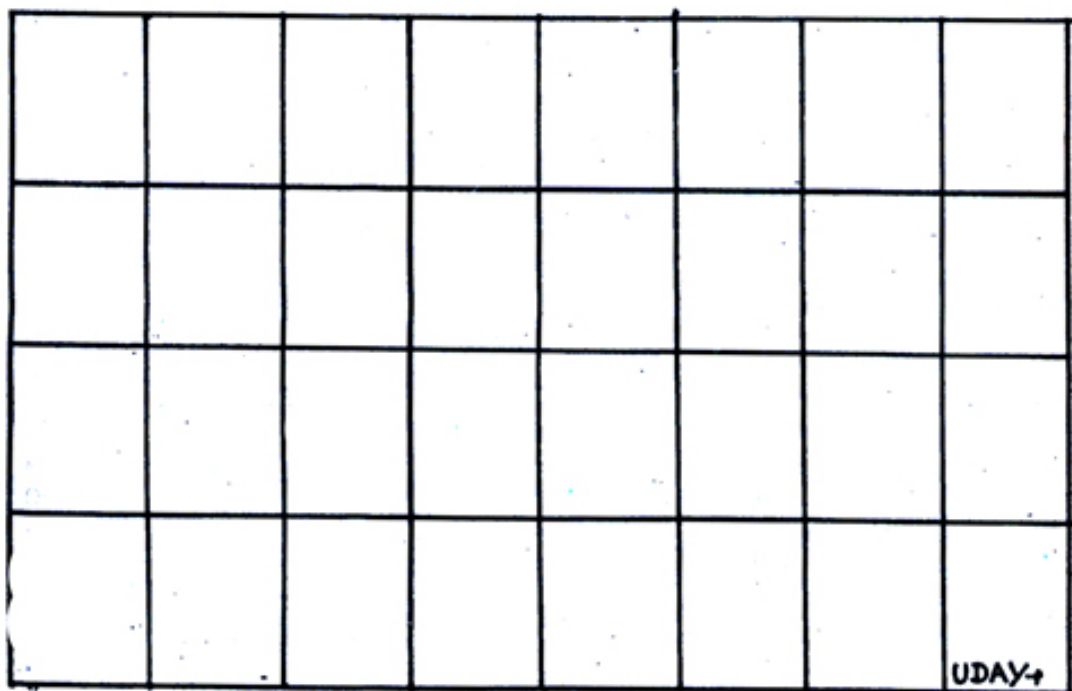
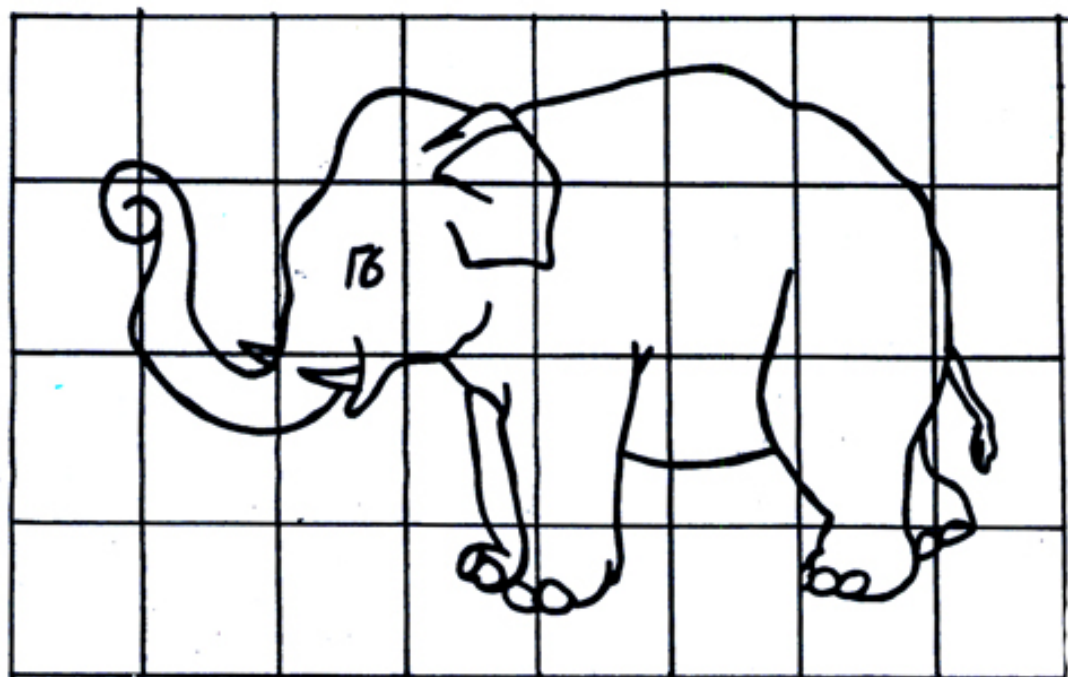
-J.S.

as a bright cloud and instructed her sisters to protect the panda. A thundering sound rocked the earth, and the three sisters disappeared with Losan in the cloud. A mountain with four distinct peaks rose up and echoed that it would provide a permanent home for the pandas for generations to come. The giant panda cried so much at the loss of its dear friends, that dark patches began to form around its eyes. So goes the Chinese story...

The four-girl mountains as it became known, towering to a height of 6,250 metres, covered with dense bamboo forests has been an ideal home and a paradise for the giant panda. A Research Centre has been set up at Woolong in Sichuan that tries to help in rescuing pandas and rehabilitating them in the Natural Reserve of the mountain. Saving the pandas is a national objective in this part of China.

— Jayashree Saranathan

YOU TOO CAN DRAW!



UDAY+

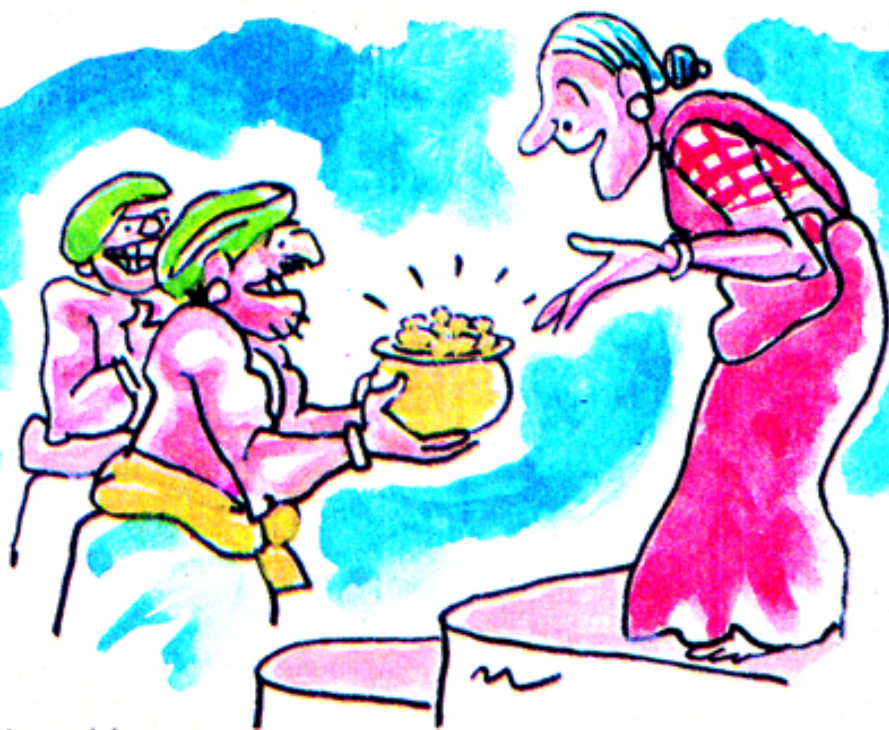
There once lived a mean and tricky old woman in the kingdom of Oman. Her garden was over-grown with weeds, and it badly needed to be cleaned

and dug up. But the mean old woman was a miser too. She did not want to pay anyone to do the job. She thought about it, and hit upon a plan to have the job done without any extra cost to herself.

She went to an eating place nearby and waited for the right opportunity to present itself. And it did! Two strong-looking young men entered the hotel and seated themselves at the

The POT of GOLD





nearby table.

The old woman sighed loudly, as if in great distress. She did this every now and then. Finally, one of the men asked her, "Grandma, what's the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"Talk about trouble," the old woman rolled her eyes heavenwards and replied, "Trouble always dogs an old woman like me. What can I do since I have lost my memory? I have lost my life's savings too."

The two men looked at each other. Money? Maybe they could get some money out of this mad, absent-minded old woman. The old woman saw the glance being exchanged and was satisfied. Her plan was working.

She began relating the story she had painstakingly cooked up the previous night. The two men leaned forward curiously to listen.

"My memory is getting so bad," began the old woman, "That I do not remember where I have hidden my life's savings. I vaguely remember burying it in my garden." She closed her eyes and shook her head as if she was desperately trying to remember. The two men looked at her expectantly.

"I wish I had the strength to dig up my garden and find my savings. But I am too old..." She sighed once again.

"We'll help you granny," the two men said eagerly. Both men were



Boss (to the clerk) : Did you see the time? You are late for work today.

Clerk : I am sorry, sir, I will leave early today to make it up.

**Ryan Charles Isaaks, aged 14,
Madras - 600 035.**

rich and were courtiers in the king's court. They needed no ill-gotten wealth. But greed had got the better of them.

"I'll send three of my servants to dig up your garden," said one of the men, "But you should give me half of what you find buried there."

The old woman smiled slyly to herself and agreed.

The next day, the rich man's servants began to dig up the old woman's garden. The old woman sat at a window and watched the men dig. "How clever I am," she thought to herself, and soon nodded off to sleep. After a couple of hours, she was woken up by a shout from one of the men. She ran out and stood amazed. He had indeed found a potful of gold coins! She had never expected her lie to yield fruit.

So, when the rich courtier asked for his share of the wealth, she refused to part with half of it as she had promised.

"Why should I give you my savings?" she demanded.

The two went to court over the

matter.

The wazir frowned when he heard their tale. He pulled at his long narrow beard and said, "Actually, this gold does not belong to any of you. This pot of gold had been stolen from the royal treasury some days ago. So...I.. have a question to ask you," he turned to the old woman, "Did you steal the gold?" The old woman gasped. "Me! A thief!" she exclaimed, "O wazir! I am an old woman and my memory is not as good as it was years ago. I don't even know if this is the same pot of gold I buried in my garden some years ago."

The courtier who had helped the old woman dig her garden did not speak. When he learnt that the gold was ill-gotten, he silently withdrew from court.

As for the old woman, the wazir let her go with a warning not to lose her memory so often.

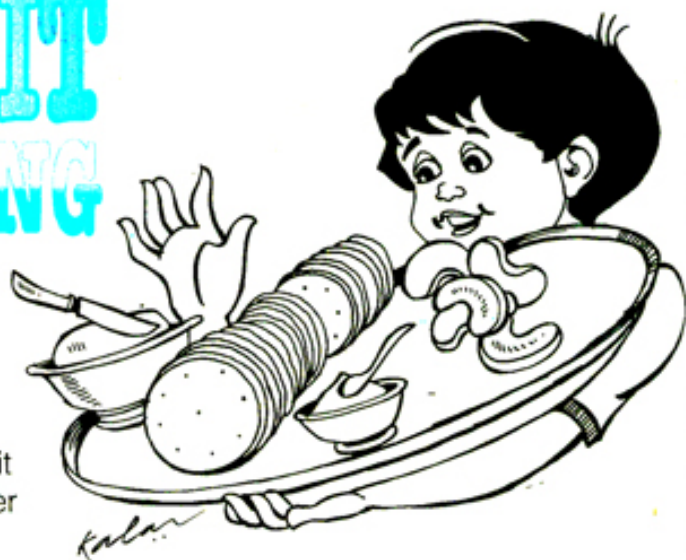
The old woman returned home wiser.

**Retold by
Rashmi A. Kulkarni, aged 14,
Bangalore 560 050.**

BISCUIT PUDDING

You need :

250 gms butter
250 gms icing sugar
(powdered sugar)
20 gms cashewnuts
1 packet Marie biscuit
20 gms cocoa powder



How to make it :

Dip the biscuits in hot water or in hot milk and arrange them on a tray. Mix the butter, cocoa powder and the powdered sugar and beat well into a cream. Fry the nuts. Spread the cream over the biscuit layer and sprinkle the nuts on them. Refrigerate this pudding. A delicious snack is ready!

R. Sornam, aged 13, Trichy - 17.

You need :

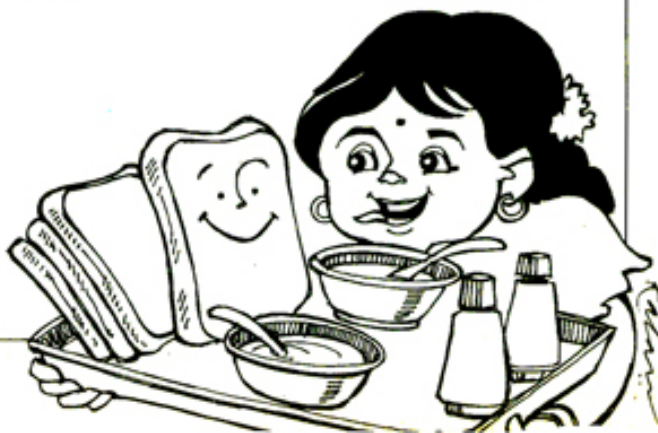
3 to 5 slices of bread
1 small cup curd
1 small cup milk
Salt to taste
A pinch of chilli powder,
Coriander leaves

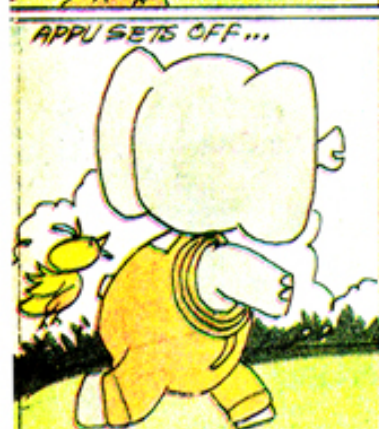
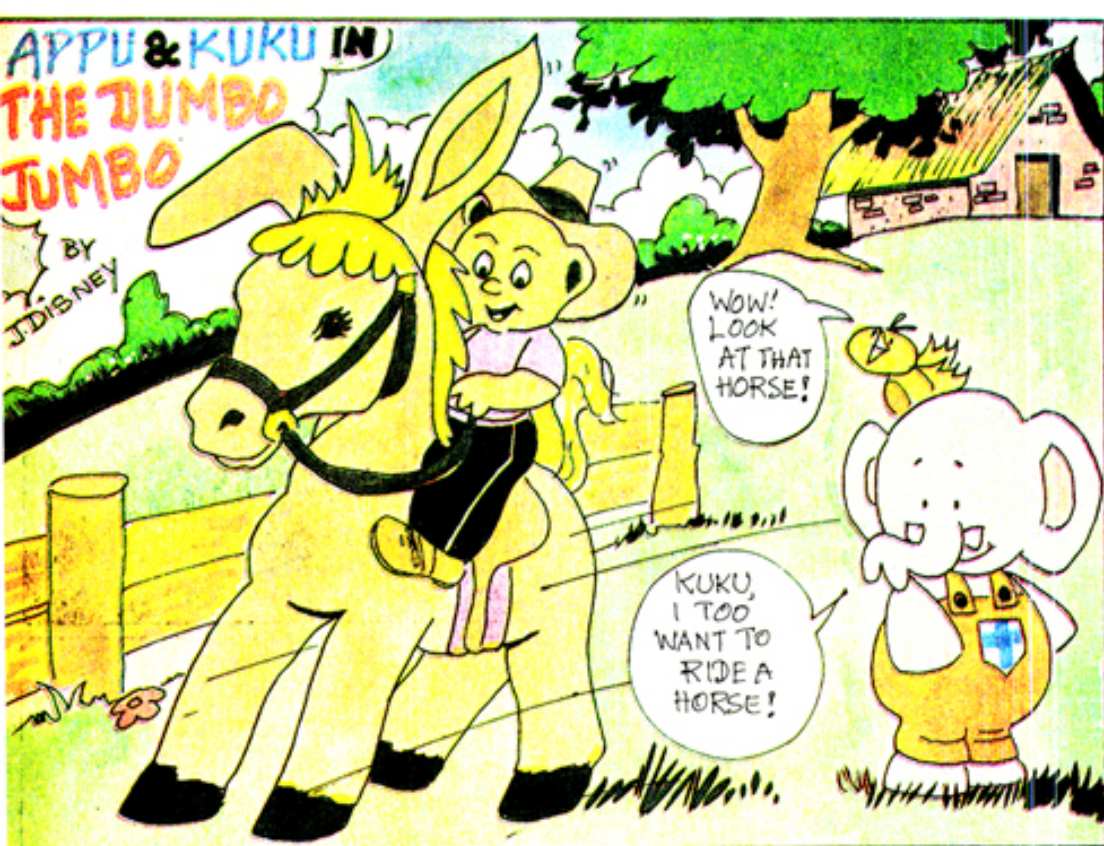
How to make it :

Cut the bread into square pieces

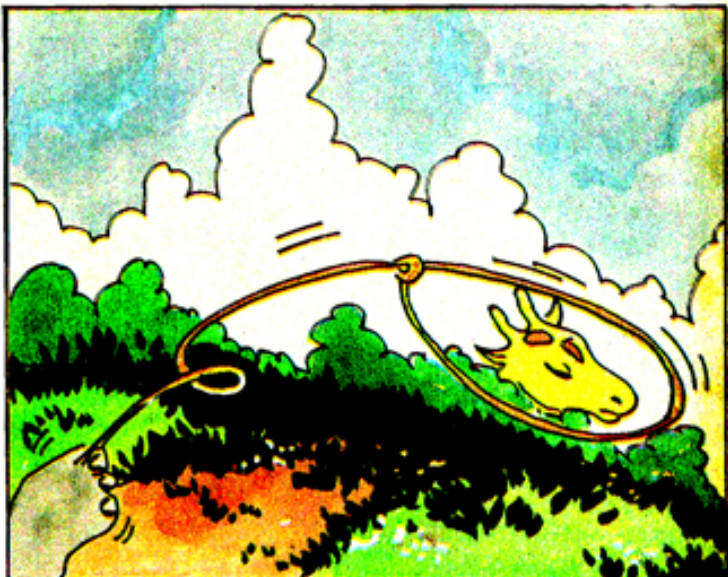
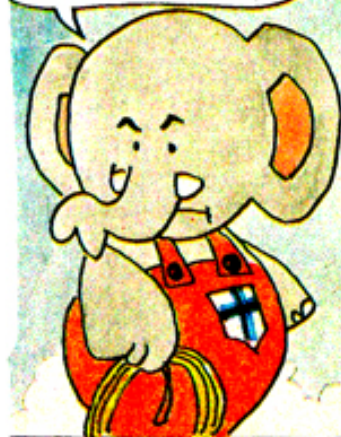
and arrange them on a plate. Beat the curd and milk together with the salt and chilli powder. Pour this over the bread squares and allow it to soak. Decorate with sprigs of coriander.

**C. L. Vani, aged 13,
Bangalore - 32.**

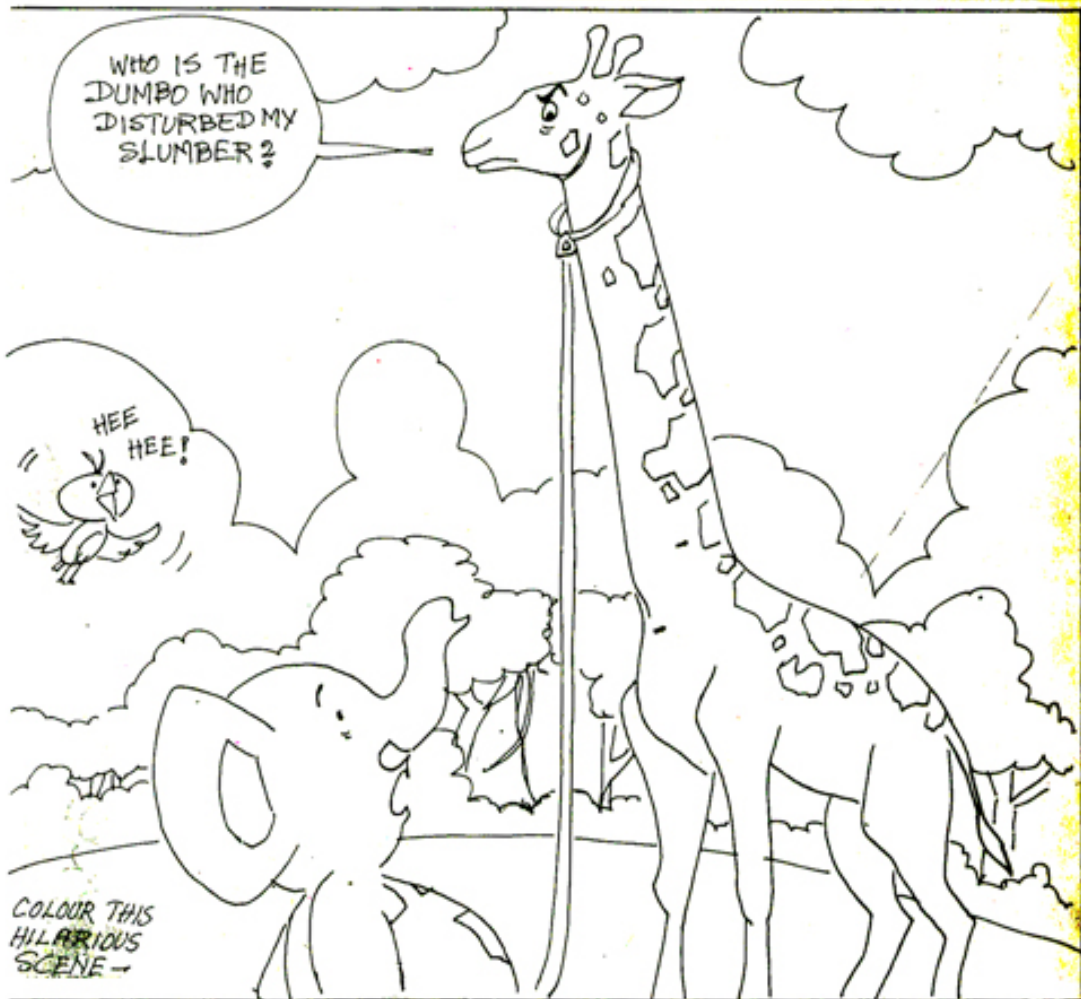




I'M NOT THAT DUMB!
IF YOU GO NEAR, YOU
WILL DISTURB IT, AND
IT WILL RUN AWAY!



WHO IS THE
DUMBO WHO
DISTURBED MY
SLUMBER?



HEE
HEE!

COLOUR THIS
HILARIOUS
SCENE →

The summer holidays were on. Tannu was having a stroll in her garden. She was feeling bored and forlorn. No one to play with, no one to talk to. Mummy was always busy with her household work and papa was always engaged in his official work. "I long for holidays during exams and during holidays. I desire to go to school," she thought.

Suddenly, a bright piece of paper, caught between the twigs of the guava tree, caught her attention. She carefully took out the paper. A golden lace in the form of a bow was attached to one corner of the paper. There was something written on it. It read —

*Dear unknown friend,
I am a school-going girl. I am very lonely. I am in need of a good friend. Will you be my pal? If yes, then contact me at this address :*

*'Aashirvad'
12D, Garden Avenue
Calcutta.*

*I will be eagerly waiting for you.
With lots of love,
- Sanju.*

Tannu was perplexed. "Who is this girl?" she wondered, "Is she someone like myself, who needs a friend? Will I meet her? After all, Garden Avenue is not far away. But what if it is just



SEARCH OF A FRIEND

a joke?"

Tannu decided to find out who the girl was. So she set out in search of the house. After asking some shopkeepers for directions Tannu finally reached her destination.

It was a two-storey house surrounded by a beautiful garden. Tannu saw a gardener planting some saplings. She went upto the man and said,

"Excuse me, uncle! Does anybody called Sanju live here?"

The gardener looked up. "Sanju? Oh, you mean Sanjana! Yes, this is her house. But, what do you want?" asked the gardener.

"Well, I... I... am a friend of Sanju's," stammered Tannu. She bit her tongue after completing the sentence! How could she say that she was her friend when she hadn't even seen her! But then, there was no other way to introduce herself.

"Wait here! I will call her," said the gardener and went inside the house.

So Sanjana is her full name, thought Tannu. She waited nervously.

After some time, the gardener returned with a girl beside him. She seemed to be as old as Tannu. She was wearing blue jeans and a white T-Shirt. She had curly hair and wore spectacles.

"Yes, whom do you want?" asked the girl.

Tannu didn't know how to begin. She took out the paper from her pocket and showed it to the girl, saying, "Did you write this?"

On seeing the paper, the girl's face completely changed. A happy smile flashed out.

"Please come in!" said the girl, pulling Tannu inside her house.

They sat in the living room. The girl said, "I am sure you are very surprised. You see, my name is Sanjana. They call me Sanju for short. What is your name?"

"Tanushree. You can call me Tannu," replied Tannu.

"Sorry for the trouble, but, I was so disgusted with being bored all the time, that I needed a friend badly. So I made a plan. I wrote a message on a piece of paper, took it to the terrace and blew it away. Anyway, where did you get it?"

Tannu told her.



"Thank you so much for coming! Let me bring some refreshment."

"Please don't bother! It would be better if we get to know each other."

So a conversation began. Tannu found that Sanju was studying in the same class as she was but in a different school. They told each other about their schools, their hobbies, their parents, their likes, dislikes and many more things.

Soon, Tannu realised that her condition was similar to that of Sanjana's. She found Sanju to be

polite, jolly and straight-forward girl. Sanju too, liked Tannu.

"Okay, then! Now that we know each other, will you be my friend?" Sanju asked Tannu.

"Yes!" came the reply. "I must say that you have a very creative mind. It was so clever of you."

"And now, let's celebrate! How about visiting the ice-cream parlour in the supermarket?" asked Sanju.

"Yes, let's go!" replied Tannu, happy to have found a friend at last!

Sushita Joardar,
Central Modern School,
Calcutta.



"Why don't you try at Uncle Jobber's department store?" suggested my father. I didn't reply. It was a rather silly idea — a girl like me, working at a shop? My father did not want to give me my allowance that month. He said that he was broke, and I had to work for it. "But Acha*," I protested, "there is a rule that no child below 15 years is allowed to work in shops." "I never said shops," my daddy said, grinning. "Then how?" I asked. "Well, you can wash my car, and for that, you will get Rs. 10/-," said daddy. "It's a deal!" I agreed. And so it started.

Father wanted his car washed. I set to it. Soon I had it all finished. My back was aching a little. But I would get money. "See? It is a very clean car now. Now give me the ten rupees," I said. "Not so fast, daughter," my father said. "A person usually gets his wages at the end of the day. So will it be, with you." I didn't like the idea, but I agreed.

In the course of the day, I did a lot of things such as washing

clothes, dishes, arranging messy rooms, dusting the show-case, weeding the garden, etc. Each job would earn me Rs. 10/-. I had to get sixty rupees. I went to my father and requested him to give me the money. Father grinned. Then he cried out, "APRIL FOOL!" I gasped. It was April 1st! How could I be so easily fooled? I stomped angrily out of the room, when my father

THE JOBBER



called me back. He smiled and handed me a hundred rupee note. I was astonished. I jumped into his arms and kissed him. "You are the greatest, Acha," I said. "This hundred rupees is for the neat work you did around the house," my father said.

Aswathy, aged 11, Kerala.

* father

I am in the eleventh standard, and am the vice-captain of the Tagore House (one of the most dormant houses in school and lagging behind in more aspects than one). Tagore House adorned the last block of the score board and it came as no surprise to me.

The last event in our school year was Sports Day and I thought,



"Here's our final chance to score some points."

For the first time, a volleyball match was organised and I was given the task of forming the team for my House. At first, no one volunteered, and we took it for granted that we would withdraw on the day of the match. But Saroj, a national volleyball player, was hell-bent on forming a team of six. After a great deal of pleading and persuasion, threats and blackmail, we managed to get four more members. And that left me with no

alternative but to be the sixth player.

I am a person who doesn't know the A-Z of sports. It was only on the day of the match, that for the first time, I held the spherical object called the ball. Saroj, the team captain, placed me in such a position, that I was least likely to face the ball.

The blow of the whistle sounded like the firing of a machine gun. Like the *Tyrannosaurus Rex* from *Jurassic Park*, my opponents like

THE MATCH

hungry wolves pouncing upon their prey, pounced upon the ball. The match began in such frenzy that I felt the ground melt away from beneath my feet. My shrewd opponents were aiming every ball at me!

All I did was shut my ears and close my eyes tight, and leave it to Saroj to thump the ball back. She did it with such skill and dexterity, that we won the first set, much to the surprise and frustration of the opposite team.

But luck wasn't to last. Saroj slipped while picking up a particu-

larly nasty shot aimed at me, and sprained her ankle. So it was left to us to save the match. What were we to do? There was I green in the gills, unable to shoot any ball above the net, my fingers interlocked the wrong way, to be corrected by the ball-picker boy standing next to me. I must say I tried my best, as I gritted my teeth and aimed for the ball. But every time, before I steadied myself, the ball would bounce past me as if it were Divya-phobic or was it vice-versa? But thanks to the grit and determination of Saroj, we won the match.

The photographs of the match were printed in the school magazine, where I stand with my hands outstretched, waiting to hit the ball. And there's a scrap of paper certifying me an outstanding volleyball player....

C. Divya,
aged 15,
Goa 403 711.

HISTORY DEFEATED

I was staying at my aunt's house in Madras for the summer holidays. My cousins Prasanna and Mathangi were in the third and second standards respectively.

I was once coaching Mathangi for her annual history exam. Her friend, Sundari, came that evening to play with her.

"Have you finished studying?" I asked Sundari.

"I have," she replied.

So I decided to test her.

"Who is Prithiviraj?" I asked her.

"There is no one like that in my class," Sundari replied at once.

All of us burst out laughing.

S.Gowri, aged 13, Y.M.C.A. School, Trichy.



Giri! Where are you?" shouted my father, "It is time for dinner."

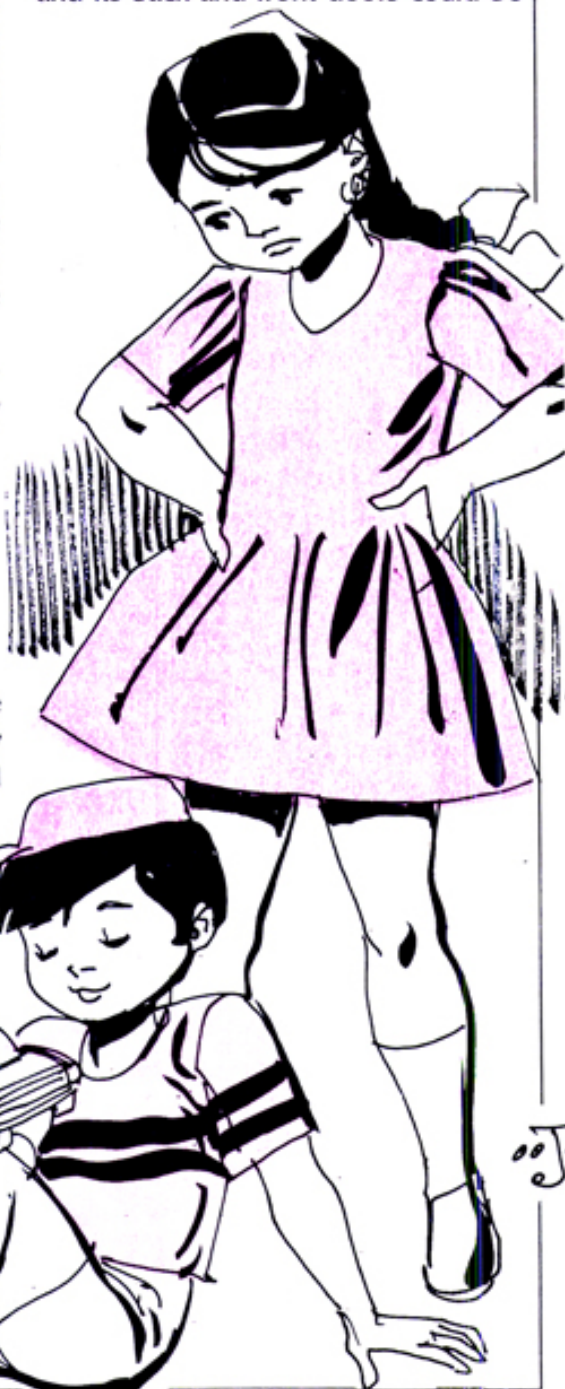
My father did not even glance at me, where I was lying on the sofa reading a comic, as he walked across the hall in search of my four-year-old cousin brother Giri. He had come to stay with us for the holidays. At first, I was quite thrilled at the thought of some company, but soon, I found him to be quite a nuisance. He kept breaking things, and I kept getting scolded for what he did.

My parents' attention was now completely diverted towards him. They fussed over him so much, that if anyone else had been in my place, their head would have burst with envy.

As I sat and sulked on the sofa, my mother said, "Come on, do you need an invitation to dinner?"

I looked at her angrily, closed the comic and got up. There was my father carrying Giri on his shoulders, and coming down the stairs. I stared at them jealously. I then turned, and walked towards the dining table. After dinner, my fa-

ther gave Giri a present. Giri quickly undid the wrapping and displayed a beautiful red car proudly. The car had a steering wheel that could be turned, and its back and front doors could be



THE RED CAR

opened. I went red - it was the same car that my father had refused to buy for me last Sunday.

"Thank you, mama*," Giri said smiling, and ran away to play with it. Giri loved that car. He took it with him wherever he went, and even kept it next to his plate when he ate.

Several days later, I noticed that the car was missing, but at the same time, I saw that Giri did not seem to be upset at the loss of his car.

One day, I saw Giri watering the garden. "Ah," I thought, "What a golden opportunity to get this brat into trouble." I knew mother hated to see Giri wet.

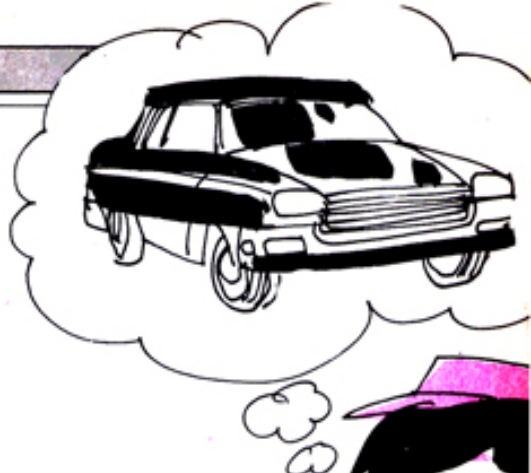
I ran to her and said, "Amma! Giri is playing with water in the garden."

Mother rushed out, with me following closely. Giri was standing there, hose in hand, still watering the plants.

"Why Giri," my mother said in a sweet tone which I found irritating, "What are you doing with the hose-pipe?"

If I had been in Giri's place, I know I would have got a good scolding.

"Uncle said that if we plant seeds, they will grow into big trees," said Giri innocently, "I have planted my car. It will grow into a big car, and I can really drive it then."



Amma and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. Then we told him that only seeds sprout into trees and not cars. Giri quickly dug out his car and washed it.

From then on, I have realised that Giri is just a small boy, and I too, lavish a lot of attention on him. No longer do I feel jealous or envious.

**Dhanam Chellam, aged 14,
G.R.G. Mat. H.S.S.,
Coimbatore.**

* Wakey, wakey!
It's morning again!



* Did you sleep well my pet?



BRINGING
UP
BABY!

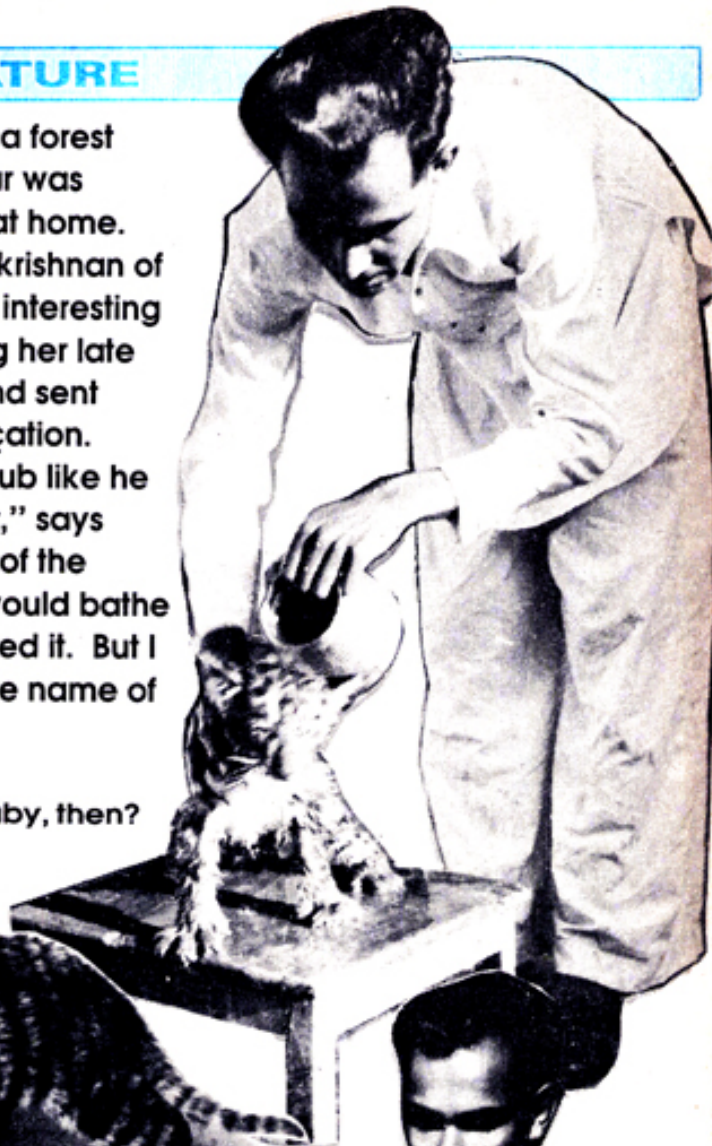
* Breakfast time!

PHOTO-FEATURE

Many years ago, a forest officer in Nepanagar was rearing a tiger cub at home. Mrs. Visalam Radhakrishnan of Cochin found these interesting photographs among her late husband's papers and sent them to us for publication.

"He treated the cub like he would any other pet," says Mrs. Radhakrishnan of the forest officer, "He would bathe it, play with it and feed it. But I do not remember the name of the gentleman..."

* Who's my clean baby, then?



* Out for a stroll
in the sun

* Will you play
ball with me?



Hi! I am Preeti. I live in Bahrain. My best friend here used to be Rasika, but now, she's moved to Bangalore. But let me tell you about an adventure both of us had....

She once came over to my house, and we were playing a game of 'Hide and Seek'. While we were playing, we found a small, dirty piece of paper lying in a small pit near our building. We straightened it out, and Rasika read out the contents of the letter.

"Dear Malena,
Please come
to the old



secret was. There was an old garage just a few blocks away from my house. So we decided to take our bikes and ride over there on the 25th of September at 10pm.

Now, there was one big problem - how were we to convince our parents to allow us to go out at 10 pm? Two eleven-year-olds and alone? So we decided to tell the secret to Rasika's

sister Renuka, and Dolly, my sister. When we showed

them the note, they laughed and laughed at first, and then they tried their best to be serious.

Rasika and I were musing, "What is DRCTs?"

The two

ALL

FOR A STONE

garage near our house at 10pm on Sunday. We have something secretive enough for us to solve. 25th September. Come fast and I'll show it to you.

From DRO12 and DRCTs.

A chill ran down our spines. We were eager to discover what the

younger sisters once again began to giggle. Rasika and I ordered them to be serious, and they controlled themselves.

Dolly and Renuka were to go to a friend's house right next to the garage for an sleepover party. So Rasika and I begged our parents

to let us go there at ten and return half an hour later. After a lot of coaxing and cajoling our parents agreed.

The clock struck ten and we left the house after telling our parents. Dolly and Renuka had left earlier that evening after wishing us luck. Rasika and I got onto our bikes and rode to the deserted garage. We left our bikes some distance away and crept to the garage. It was empty and quite dark inside. Rasika lit the candle she had brought with her.

In the quiet darkness, we found a little red box with a note pasted on it - 'Open it Malena, the secret is in this box. Sorry we couldn't come. DR012 (you know who that is) is very busy today.'

We excitedly opened the box and found a note and something wrapped in a newspaper. We couldn't stand the suspense, and unwrapped the newspaper with trembling hands. We found another wrapping of newspaper inside. We unwrapped that too. One after another, six wrappings were unravelled to reveal a small

stone. Quite puzzled and irritated, we unfolded the note.

It said,

*"Dear Preeti and Rasika,
How is the stone? DR012
stands for Dolly, Renuka, us two.
Ha! ha!"*



Dolly, Renuka.

How angry we were! We were so ashamed at being fooled that we returned home at once. Whenever we met the two brats, they would yell, "Hope you liked the stone."

And ah! - I forgot to tell you that apparently DRCTs stands for Dolly-Renuka-Continued-Tricks. How silly and dumb, don't you think?

Preeti Ramachandran,
aged 11,
Indian School, Manama,
Bahrain.

Teacher: Rohan, can you tell me who was Raja Ram Mohan Roy?

Rohan : Er... He was the son of his father, miss!

**-V.S. Dheeraj, aged 14,
Petit Seminaire Hr.Sec.School,
Pondicherry - 605 001.**



● The longest living insects are Splendour Beetles (*Buprestidae*), some of which remain in the larva stage for more than thirty years. Queen Termites (*Isoptera*) previously thought to live fifty years or more are now known to have a maximum life span of about 15 years.

● The Cassowary is the most dangerous bird in the world. Its inner toe has a long dagger-like claw that acts as a weapon and can slash open a man's stomach. So it can easily kill a man or an animal.

● The Great Wall of China was

built to protect China from Mongol invaders, about the year 246 B.C. China was divided into small provinces. King Shih Huangti united different provinces of China into an empire. To the north of this empire lived the barbaric Mongols and the king felt that at any time they might attack his empire. To protect China from this danger, he ordered the construction



RECIPES

HEALTHY DOSA

You need:

Left over dosa batter
1-2 tomatoes, finely chopped
1 cucumber, finely chopped
1 small onion, finely chopped
2-3 green chillies, chopped
Coriander leaves, chopped fine
Salt to taste
Oil to fry

How to make it:

Add tomatoes, cucumber, onion, chillies and coriander leaves in the dosa batter. Mix well. Add salt to it. Heat oil in a frying pan or tava. Make a dosa of the batter. Add a spoon of oil. It should not be very thick. Fry both the sides well.

Serve hot with tomato sauce or chutney.

Piyali Mitra,
Mumbai-421 502



GOKULAN July '96

of a huge wall. So a wall starting from Shanhi kuan in the bay of Pohai chaikuman in Kansu was constructed.

● There are 630 muscles in our body. A medium sized muscle consists of about 10,000,000 cells. All the muscles of the body put together have about six thousand million cells.

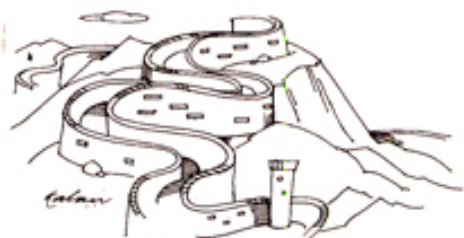
● The Olympic Games was first played in the year 776 B.C. It was played at a place named Olympia in south east Greece.

● The 'Kim Gao' song sung in Japan in the 9th century was the first National Anthem of the world.

● The oldest university of the world is the university of Karuin which was started in Moscow in 1859.

● The English were the first to start the police system for their protection. In India, the police system was started by the East India Company on December 7, 1792.

● Although more than 400,000,000 people throughout the world speak English, it is not the widely used language. The most widely used language is Mandarin or Northern



• The Great Wall of China

Chinese which is spoken by about 675 million people.

● The English word which has the maximum number of meanings is the word with 3 letters, 'set'. It has 58 meanings as a noun, 126 meanings as a verb and 10 meanings as a participle adjective.

Melisha Noronha,
aged 12,
St.Johns,
Bangalore.

ALOO CHAAT

You need:

- 2 boiled potatoes
- Salt to taste
- Red chili powder - a pinch

Fried jeera powder - a pinch

Sugar - 1 teaspoon

Tamarind - 3 inch ball

1 tomato, sliced

2 strips chopped Coconut

1 onion, sliced

How to make it:

Soak the tamarind in 2 to 3 spoons of water for sometime to make a thick paste. Remove strings and seeds and add the sugar to it. Slice the boiled potatoes into thin pieces, sprinkle salt, add the sliced tomatoes with the seeds removed and the onion and the coconut. Pour the tamarind paste and dust with chilli and jeera powder. Eat with a tooth pick.

Mon Mukherjee



Do you know why rabbits have short tails?

Long ago there lived a little white rabbit. He lived in a jungle near the sea. One evening he was sitting on the seashore, watching the fish in the deep waters. He looked up and far out on the other side of the sea he spotted an island. "It must be a beautiful island," he thought. And he very badly wanted to visit it.

But how could he reach there? He did not know how to swim, and there was no boat too.

"What shall I do?" he wondered. Then one day, he got a fine idea.

"I will make friends with the fishes of the sea," he thought, "They will help me."

To his great joy, the next day the rabbit saw a shark in the sea, and he called out to him and said, "Oh, Mr. Shark, which one of us has more friends, you or I?"

"I have! I have more friends than you," said the shark.

"I have lots of friends," said the rabbit.

and see," said the clever little rabbit. "Call all your friends and tell them to lie in one line between this shore and that island over there."

The shark agreed, "That's a good idea."

The very next day, the shark called all his friends and told them to lie in one line between the shore and island.

When they were ready, the rabbit began to hop from the back of one shark to the next. While he was hopping, he counted, "ONE... TWO... THREE... FIFTY... HUNDRED..." There were indeed very many sharks. The rabbit was surprised to see so many but he was happy because he was getting closer and closer to the beautiful island.

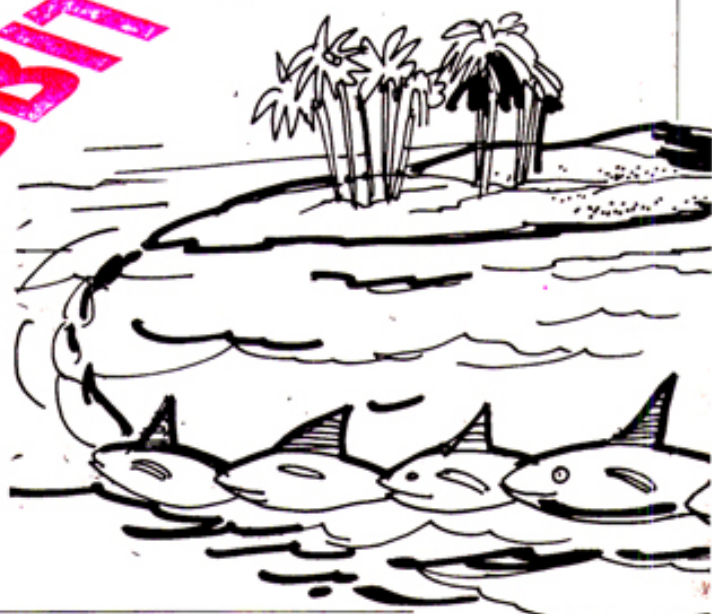
"How exciting it is! And how foolish those sharks are!" he thought.

THE RABBIT'S TAIL

"Certainly I have more friends than you."

"No, you don't. You don't have so many friends as I have," said the shark.

"Well, let's then count



Finally he hopped from the back of the last shark onto the island. Then he did a foolish thing. He turned to the sharks and laughed. "Ha! Ha! You foolish sharks! I have fooled you. I wanted to come to this island, but I could not swim and now you have formed a bridge for me."

Needless to say, the sharks were very angry when the rabbit laughed at them. One of the sharks jumped up out of the water and bit off the rabbit's tail.

"Ouch!" the rabbit cried, "You have bitten off my beautiful tail. It was long and nice. Ouch! It hurts!" and he began to weep.

Just then, the king of the island came to the shore. He saw the rabbit and asked, "Why are you weeping?" When he heard the rabbit's story, he said, "You must never fool others or tell lies again. Then I will give you a nice new tail." The rabbit was still crying. It was hurting him too much. "I promise," he sobbed.

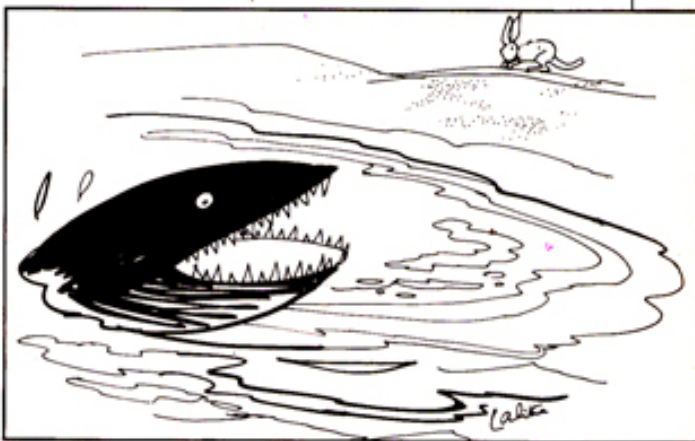
The kind king gathered some bulrushes and made a soft nest. "Sleep in this nest which is made of bulrushes. If you sleep here all night, you will grow another tail. However, it will not be as long as the one you had

before," said the king.

The rabbit obeyed. He slept in the nest of bulrushes all night. The next morning, when he woke up he looked at his tail. The kind king's words had come true. He had grown a new tail! It was not as long as his lost tail. But it was soft and round and beautiful. And it no longer hurt him.

The rabbit immediately jumped up and hopped as fast as he would to the house of the kind king.

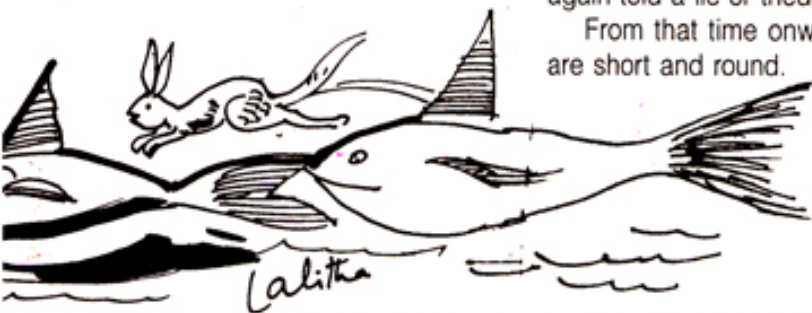
"Oh, kind king!" he cried in a loud voice... "Thank you! Thank you!"



The king smiled and took the rabbit in his arms. He told him not to forget his promise. Then he put the little rabbit on the ground again and said goodbye to him.

The little rabbit hopped along the shore of the island singing and dancing. And what a good rabbit he became! He never again told a lie or tried to fool anybody.

From that time onwards rabbits' tails are short and round.



By
R. Mythili,
std. X
R.S.K.Hr.School,
Trichy.

The alarm rang. It was twelve noon. Time to leave. Brinda shut her English text book and began to put on her uniform. Dressed and ready, she checked whether she had taken everything for the exam. Then, as she went out of the house, and locked the door, the telephone rang. Brinda hesitated, "Should I take the call?" she wondered. Then, making up her mind, she locked the door and began to walk to school.

Brinda studied in the tenth standard. Her exams were



slotted for the afternoon and as her mother worked, she had to take care to lock the house before she went to school.

She stopped at Srija's house. Srija studied in her class, and lived a few houses away. Both of them usually walked to school together.

Srija and her mother were waiting for her. As soon as Brinda

came up, Srijia's mother said, "Good luck, Srijia! Have you taken everything? Do well in your exam!" then, she turned to Brinda and said, "All the best, Brinda."

Brinda nodded saying, "Thank you, aunty."

As they walked to school, Brinda thought, "How nice it would be if mummy were there to see me off to school too."

The more she thought about it, the more she missed her mother.

That evening, when Brinda's mother returned home, she asked, "How was the exam?"

"Easy, mum," Srijia replied. Her mother brought a cup of tea and some snacks on a plate.

"Have something to eat first, Brinda," said her mother, "then you can change your clothes. You look very tired."

As Brinda had her tea, her

just wanted to wish you luck and check whether you had taken your pen and other stuff."

Mother then left for the market to get some vegetables and groceries.

"I have kept tea for your father in the flask on the table," her mother said before leaving, "Just give it to him when he comes, will you? And you better begin studying. I'll make *chapathis* and some vegetable for dinner."

When her father came home, Brinda said, "Dad, there's some tea for you on the table."

"How was your exam?" he asked.

"Fine," Brinda replied.

Her father looked at her silently for some time.

"Why are you looking so dull?" he asked finally, "Is something wrong?"

WORKING MOTHER

mother said, "I called you up at noon. But you must have left already....The phone just rang."

Brinda remembered that the phone had rung just as she had been leaving the house that afternoon.

"Something important, mummy?" she asked.

"No, dear," said her mother, "I

Brinda couldn't answer at once. Then she said, "Dad! Srijia's mother stays at home and sends her off to school everyday. Srijia does not have to worry about things like locking up, clearing up after eating lunch...Can't mum stay at home too?"

"Brinda," said her father slowly, "do you know how much your



taken leave from work for a week to nurse her back to health.

"She makes sure that we get food on time," said father, "Even now, she's gone to the market to get things to make dinner for us."

"Poor mum," Brinda said, after reflecting a while, "She's actually doing two jobs."

"Yes, she is," admitted her father, "More the reason for us to help her

mother cares for you? Doesn't she stay at home when you or I fall ill?"

Brinda nodded her head.

"Has your mother ever taken leave for herself?"

"No," said Brinda.

"Mother has to work for several reasons," said father, "She is a very qualified person, and would hate to waste her time sitting at home doing nothing. Besides, what she earns does keep us comfortable, you know..."

Brinda could not reply. She did remember the time when she had been very ill and mother had

out at home."

So when her mother returned from the market, she was pleasantly surprised to find that Brinda had made the dough for the *chapathis*, and father and daughter were waiting to take the heavy basket of vegetables and groceries from her.

"Shouldn't you be studying, Brinda?" her mother asked.

"I need to relax a bit, mum," Brinda replied, "Let me help you chop the vegetables before I buzz off to study."

**V. Sangeetha, aged 13,
Carmel Convent School,
Bhopal.**

The Mighty Warrior Queen stood on the mountain top, proudly surveying her kingdom far below. The wind blew through her long curly black hair and she shook her head impatiently, to clear the annoying strands from her eyes. She stood tall and fierce, a terror to her enemies.

Far below, she sighted slight movement and watched it intensely. It rolled this way and that, mysteriously. What could it be? Was it friend or foe? She quivered with excitement. Her blood rose for the chase. She raced along the flat

was alive! Her hair stood on end! Danger was a powerful tonic to her! The whirring sound puzzled her. It was unlike any sound she had ever heard. By chance she lifted her head. There, metres in the sky was a weird and wonderful bird, going round and round, as though in a trance. With a sharp war cry she attacked the tree on which it stood. Again and again she hurled herself against the trunk until finally, it crashed to the ground. The bird lay silent, dead, vanquished.

THE MIGHTY

This time the mighty, black-haired queen was exhausted. She

Warrior Queen

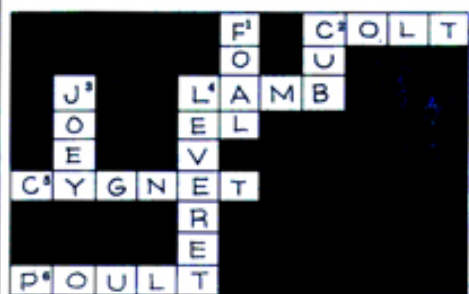
lands and with a mighty war cry, fell upon her foe. The monster put up only a limp resistance. It recognized her superior strength and submitted to the evolutionary law—survival of the fittest. She flung the limp body to the ground in disgust and wandered away, tired and weary. She lay to rest in the shade, and dozed lightly. The Warrior Queen knew well that at every corner danger lurked, and that she must be always alert—eternal vigilance being the price of liberty.

She was roused from her reverie by a thundering sound. She leapt to her feet trying to locate the disturbance. What horrible enemy now lay in wait for her? What evil remained to be vanquished? Her every pore

searched for a cave in which to rest. She was careful to lie with her back to the wall, lest her enemies come upon her from behind. After what seemed like a long time, she was brought back to the conscious world by a rustling sound, like that of a dangerous cobra. Again, she sprang to her feet. Her bright black eyes searched for the source of the strange sound. It was not a snake after all, but a formless, frightening creature, without a face, without hands or legs or eyes or ears, making terrifying sounds. A surprise attack was her strategy. She pounced upon her enemy before it had a chance to think. It fought back with all his strength, but it was no

PAGE 47

ANIMAL BABIES



match for her. She caught it by its neck, and tore at it with her sharp weapons. She cut it to bits, and scattered its body in a million pieces.

The exertion of battle made the Mighty Warrior Queen feel thirsty and she paused to drink some water. She was deeply satisfied by her success and rested quietly beneath a cliff.

Her calm mood was nearly her undoing. Around the corner lurked a terrible creature, surpassing

all others in ferocity and danger. She stretched out one hand lazily, and touched a foreign object of such cold hardness that it shocked her to her feet. She jumped back, then cautiously looked round the corner. It lay gleaming in the sun, an evil villian. Hundreds of teeth were lined up along its mouth, which was open, ready to chew and devour anything which came into its grasp. She leapt upon it with piercing wild cries and did battle hard and long. Finally, she drained it of its strength and threw it high in the air. It came down with a lifeless thud. Once more she, the Mighty Warrior Queen, had triumphed.

The sun neared the western horizon. The Mighty Warrior Queen wished to camp for the night. She was very hungry as well. She wondered where she would find food before the night fell. Thus musing, she lay on the ground, her head on her hands, and rested, exhausted,



famished and battle scarred.

“O my God! Look at this mess! It looks like a battle-field!”

Karpagam jumped eagerly to her feet at the sound of her mistress' voice. She wagged her tail with delight and pranced around Meenakshi's feet. Meenakshi laughed. "You little silly thing. What have you been up to! You have chewed Ananda's black sock right in two! And the floor fan! What did you do? How did you manage to knock it over!" Karpagam stuck out her bright pink tongue. "I'm hungry," she said, "I'm very hungry. Is it time for supper yet?"

Meenakshi scooped up the small furry black bundle into her arms and gave it a big kiss on its nose. "You little pickle!" she scolded. "You are so naughty! Look at that paper sack! Torn to shreds, and scattered all over the room! Just who do you expect to

sweep it up!"

Karpagam licked Meenakshi's nose. It tasted very good, so she licked it again and again. "Stop that!" Meenakshi said. "I am very angry with you! You have made such a mess! And look at my best comb! You have chewed it all to bits and I just paid twenty rupees for it yesterday!"

Karpagam wriggled happily in her mistress's arms. But she was really feeling so very hungry after her strenuous day. Couldn't her mistress understand what she was telling her?

"You Lhasa Apsos are really very expensive creatures. You only eat protoveg, ghee and milk. You chew up costly combs. Its a good thing you are so beautiful and charming, Karpagam. Why, you silly little thing! Sleeping on Ananda's pillow, lying on the bed, you think you are a real queen! But you're only a dog, you wonderful, funny little thing. You're only a dog, and don't forget it." Meenakshi nuzzled her face into the glossy thick long hair of her little black puppy with affection and carried her to the kitchen and placed her in front of her bowl. "There, have your supper!"

"I wonder what a dog is?" Karpagam thought, as she lapped happily and hungrily at her milk, ghee and protoveg. "I wonder if they have as much fun as us Mighty Warrior Queens?"

MEENAKSHI DEVI BHAVANANI

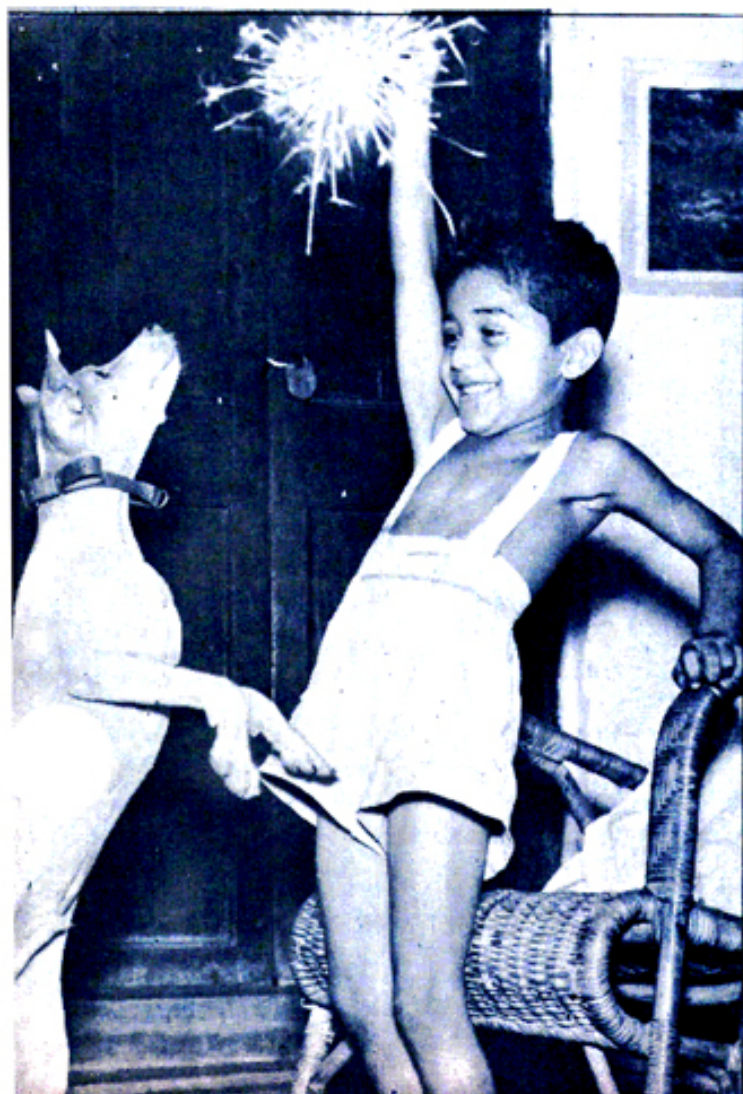


DO YOU HAVE PET ANIMALS?

From time immemorial man has had a great fascination towards some animals. The earliest to be befriended by him was the dog. Man made use of the dog to help him to hunt. The dog became his companion and soon began to share his shelter, protection and food. Today man and dog are often quite inseparable.



The dog has a peculiar attraction towards the human being. The cat is a pet animal no doubt, but it cannot be compared to the dog for faithfulness. The dog is attached to the person whereas the cat is attached to the place where it lives. If the master leaves the dog in the house and shifts to another permanently, the dog follows him to the new residence. In the case of a cat, it will continue to stay on in the house till another tenant comes to feed him.



who
had a
ar Allen
Winston

dogs and cats
he kept lions as
e preferred bears,
arrots, mynas, snails

HN DORAIRAJ

es, send them to us and we
among them. Ed

People keep all sorts of animals besides dogs and cats as pets. In the olden days, Caesars of Rome kept lions as pets. Warriors had tigers in their houses. Some preferred bears, monkeys, bandicoots, mongoose, squirrels, parrots, mynas, snails and crocodiles.

If you have any unique pet experiences, send them to us and we will publish the best from among them. Ed.

ACROSS - WORD

1	V	A	G	A	B	O	N	D	
2	R	E	L	A	X	A	T	I	O
3	P	O	R	T	R	A	Y		
4	P	O	R	T	E	N	D		
5	S	E	G	R	E	G	A	T	E
6	V	E	N	E	R	A	B	L	E
7	W	E	L	C	O	M	E		
8	S	I	N	C	E	R	E		

♪...

Dear Editor,

There is perhaps no day when a road accident does not take place in Madras. It is quite unnecessary to point out that most of these accidents are due to reckless driving. The other day, I was shocked to witness an accident on Velachery Road. An old man and a woman were crushed to death under a lorry.

C. Subashini, aged 13,
Sri Sankara Vidhyalaya M.H.S.S., Madras.

Dear Editor,

Horror films are becoming very popular these days. But they are a menace, for they create fear in the minds of youngsters. In many films, dolls are shown to be ghosts that are possessed of the spirits of dead people. Isn't it too scary? Will children ever play with dolls after that?

K. Keerthana Karumbaiah, aged 13,
Vijaya H.S., Bangalore.

Dear Editor,

Today, imagining a life without electricity seems impossible. But in the near future, a situation may arise when we will have to depend on hydro-electricity for all our power requirements. But instead of trying to conserve electricity, most of us are lavish with it. We do not even care to switch off fans and lights in the room after we finish studying. Television sets run for hours together with none to watch them. All this is sheer waste. The use of decorative lights in temples, family functions and especially in political meetings

should be avoided. It is time we start conserving electricity, not only for our sake, but for the sake of the generations to come.

V. Sowmya, aged 16,
R.S.K. Higher Secondary
School, Trichy - 14.

Dear Editor,

Elections are organised so

that we select better leaders to govern us. It should be a peaceful exercise for the people. I thought that the elections this year would be peaceful and there will be no repolling this year, but to my dismay, there was bombing and rioting near some polling stations. Is this how a democracy works?

Donald Leo
Abraham, std. X,
Kendriya Vidhyalaya,
Trichy - 25.

Dear Editor,

I completely agree



Do we respect them?



with Saurabh Gothaskar (Feb. issue). What is the point in having statues of different freedom fighters when we are not capable of respecting their views? The Mahatma fought for truth and non-violence. Are we respecting his principles? Discrimination is also present today. Class is discriminated from class. Patel, Subash Chandra Bose, Gandhiji, etc. fought for our nation. They sacrificed their lives, they underwent various tortures, and are we not ungrateful in not respecting them?

Sowmya, aged 14, Trichy.

Dear Editor,

☐ K. Sangeetha (May issue) says that beginning tenth standard portions in the ninth standard itself, is unnecessary. But, I say it is necessary. In the tenth standard, we may have revision exams, a month before the public exams. And the teachers can give enough revision questions only if the portions are completed well

in advance. We may not like coaching classes during the summer vacations. But good marks are our aim.

N. Venkat Ramanan, Madras - 600 026.

Dear Editor,

☐ The present day political leaders want to earn money through fair or foul means. However, there are many exceptions to the rule. A true democracy can be made successful only if people are literate and wise enough to fight corruption.

C. Rajkumar, Madras - 600 059.

Best Letter

Dear Editor,

☐ In the May issue of *Gokulam*, in *Grandma Worm's Pages*, I came across many children worried about whether they were successful or not. Many even compared themselves to their friends who are class toppers. In today's world a person is judged by his achievements and due to that there is so much of pressure on students — that they have to do well in their exams. In this race for marks, children tend to lose their individuality and creativity.

Everyone should realise that each child is a different individual and his or her potentials will also naturally vary. Most of us are misled by the myth that success is happiness and all successful people are the happiest persons in the world. It is very unfortunate that most of us believes in this. All of us certainly cannot be great people. But all of us can try our best and chip in our effort in making this world a better place to live in. All of us can surely, be nice persons, who care for others? In any field we go, there will always be people better than ourselves, but neither should this discourage us nor should we become jealous of them. All of us can be happy by being just ourselves and not losing our identity.

Smitha S., aged 16, Bangalore - 8.



I was wheeling my scooter out of the compound of the block of flats where we live. I noticed that a stray dog had entered the



compound, and was lying curled up against the wall. It was a very odd looking dog. Its ear was torn. It looked very sick. Its back was bald, and neck covered with the fat, shiny bodies of blood-sucking ticks.

I shuddered, and hoped the dog was not a rabid one, then drove away. The next day, it was still there, and even a few days

later, it lay in the same position. "This dog may die here," I thought. Then, one afternoon, my daughter, who loved animals deeply, came up and told me, "Amma, that dog, near the wall is a very sweet dog." "What? That mangy looking thing? Don't go near it!" I screamed.

"I didn't go near it, Amma," said my daughter, unruffled. "I just threw some flowers at it. And do you know, it wagged its tail so hard, that dust flew up from the ground." I was intrigued. A dog that was so weak that it could not stand up, raising dust with its tail? The next time I was near the dog, I spoke a

BRINDLE

few kind words to it. And that was enough to make it wag its tail so hard that a 'thump, thump' sound could be heard from the ground.

Thus began our relationship with 'Brindle'. We called her that because her coat is a peculiar colour which is clay brown with black stripes that is, *brindled*. First we fed her in small plastic cups, secretly. The secrecy was necessary, because our faithful dog of twelve years, Shyama, was very angry and jealous whenever she saw us petting or feeding a new dog.

My friend who is a veterinarian, saw Brindle and treated her when she had

PET-PALS

high fever. It was from her that I learnt that Brindle must have been captured by the *Municipal Corporation* and then resuced and sterilized by the *Blue Cross* to prevent her having puppies. That is why her left ear had been notched — to show the Corporation not to pick her up again.

Brindle is very much a part of our lives today. She is free of ticks, and her hair



But she has not yet become our house pet.

Shyama guards her home and supper dish fiercely. My husband still

remains set against the idea of adopting a stray dog. Still, when I open the front door in the morning, I am rewarded with the familiar 'thump, thump', and the gentle brown eyes of man's best friend.

has grown back. Her big, hound like body is slowly filling out. And her warm and affectionate nature charms everybody. The long, constantly wagging tail, the way she nudges our hands with her head, the way she greets us and licks us, all show a faith and trust in human beings that has survived all her bad experiences.

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"In your house I'll play with your toys because I am the guest," declared Tuly mouse to Sister Undir.

"That sounds fair," agreed Sister bringing out her building blocks, playing cards and her two dolls.

"Let's play house-house with your dolls!" suggested Tuly.

"Can we start with having a party?" asked Brother who always liked the eating part in house-house.

"No," said Tuly. "We're going to play dressing up the dolls! And no boys allowed!"

outsider, tried to exclude Brother from their games. "What's wrong with a dolls' party? It can be a birthday party for one of the dolls! I think it might be fun!" Sister said.

"I'm the guest, remember? You must all be nice to me!" Tuly declared. "Bring out all the tiny clothes you have for the dolls! We'll give them a bath and change their clothes!"

"My dolls don't have clothes to change into! Most of them have only one set!" confessed poor Sister.

"Ha! Serves you right for thinking



Sister Undir felt pretty uncomfortable. While Brother and she disagreed and squabbled with each other almost every day, she did not like it when Tuly, an

**SISTER
UNDIR
IS A SUCKER**

up stupid games!" snorted Brother Undir, who did not like to be excluded from anything. He was pretty cross with Tuly.

"That's no problem! Do you have some cloth? We can quickly stitch some!" Tuly was determined to play it her way.

Tuly was rather good at stitching and embroidery. She

remembered. Mama Undir had given her a metre long piece of pink casement for needlework class. Craft Miss had asked each of them to bring a small rectangular piece to practice all the stitches on. So Sister had plenty left over. She ran across and brought the leftover casement.

"Here, what do you think of this pink cloth?" Sister Undir asked Tuly.



always got top marks in the class in craft. She would often stitch clothes for her dolls all by herself. Tuly used to watch her mother closely when she did most of the family's sewing at home. Tuly often brought a rag bag to school with little bits of leftover cloth of different kinds. The kids in class loved to pick out brightly coloured bits.

Sister was wondering what cloth to bring. Suddenly she

"I'll tell Mama you're using your school cloth for playing with your dolls!" threatened Brother. He was in a really bad mood.

Tuly took the pink casement in her hand. She turned it over. It was rather nice. And it was a big piece of cloth. Not like the little bits her mother normally let her have. "I could make so many things out of it! A bag, a cap, a handkerchief for myself, or maybe some new clothes for my big doll!" she

thought to herself.

To Sister Undir she said, "We could use some of it, I suppose. But you have so much case-ment left. And it's all plain pink. What will you do with it?" Tuly asked Sister.

"I haven't thought about it yet!" replied Sister Undir.

A clever idea began to strike Tuly. She pulled out some bits of cloth from the rag bag she was carrying. She thought of trading her small bits for Sister's big cloth. "See, I have these three pretty cloth pieces. Look at this one! Aren't the blue flowers pretty?" Tuly asked Sister, showing her a tiny bit with bright blue flowers. "And look at this yellow and brown design. It's fabulous! But my all time favourite is this one with the peacock feather design. It's the very best of all! I may let you have one or two of my bits in exchange for the leftover plain casement of yours."

Sister looked at the bits of cloth with Tuly. They did indeed have pretty patterns. "Can I show them to my Mama? Please?" Sister asked Tuly.

Tuly seemed annoyed. "Showing them around will dirty



them. Decide now! The offer will not be open for ever! As it is I'm doing you a favour!" she warned Sister Undir, spreading the bits out on Sister's bed.

Sister looked at the different colours and patterns again. How pretty they looked! She did not want to miss out on Tuly's offer. It seemed like a great idea to exchange the plain old casement for the pretty flowered bits.

"Alright! I agree to trade!" Sister Undir replied.

Very quickly Tuly took the pink casement from Sister and put it in her rag bag. Then she spread out the three bits of her cloth pieces and asked Sister to choose two. "Two pretty bits in exchange for a single plain piece! Choose!" she urged.

Sister Undir first chose the one with the yellow and brown design. She could not make up her

mind between the one with the blue flowers and the one with the peacock feather design. "Which one should I pick?" she asked Brother Undir.

"They're all terrible! Why do you want to trade at all?" he asked. "I don't like Tuly!"

"Well! How rude! I'm leaving at once!" declared Tuly, putting her things together.

"Better return Sister's cloth then!" demanded Brother.

Sister Undir felt very embarrassed and could stand it no longer. She pushed Brother aside and asked him to shut up. "How I wish he would vanish into thin air!" she said to Tuly. "I'm truly very sorry, Tuly!"

They exchanged - Sister Undir picked the peacock feather design and the yellow and brown one. Then Tuly was off in a pretended huff.

"Look what you've done!" Sister scolded Brother. "You have no business to be rude to my guests! Can't you mind your own business?"

"Aeuh!" Brother made a peculiar sound, stuck out his tongue and ran away.

Sister wanted to make some pretty clothes for her two dolls out of the cloth bits she had traded from Tuly. She wanted it to be a surprise for Mama and so she did not ask for Mama Undir's help. The

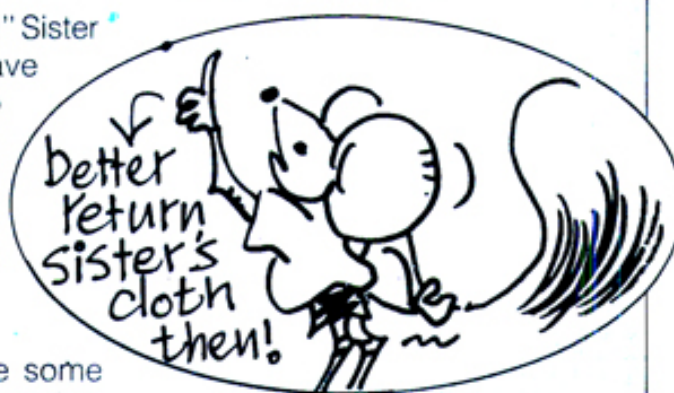
next day she went to Tuly's house after school, taking the cloth bits with her. "I'm going to play! I'll be back soon!" she said to Papa Undir and scampered off even before Mama was back.

"Someone sure is in a hurry!" remarked Papa.

"Sister is up to no good! She's off to that awful Tuly's place!" declared Brother Undir.

"They won't let you join them, sour grapes, hunh!" said Papa, teasing Brother.

Meanwhile, on the way to Tuly's house, Sister Undir was all excited. she had never stitched a dress before. Tuly would teach her how to cut and how to stitch. "I already know running stitch, back stitch and stem stitch! All I need to do is be a little neat! How pretty my dolls will look with their new clothes!" she thought as she stood at Tuly's door ringing the door bell.



"Hi! Come on in! Have you come to play?" Tuly asked as she opened the door.

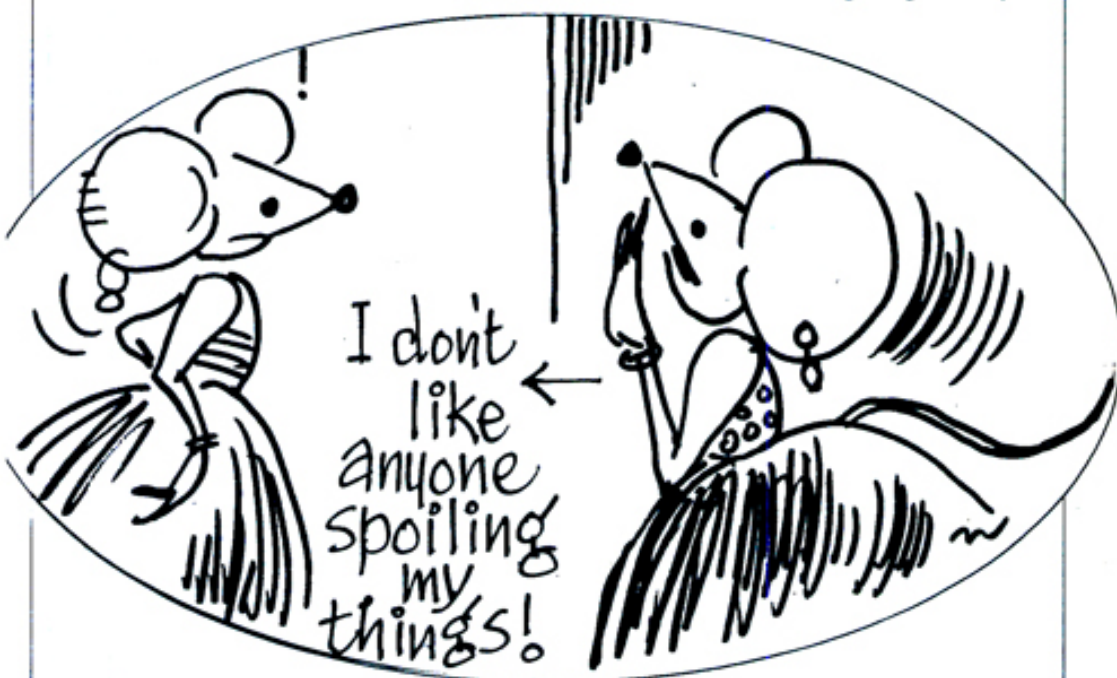
"Well,..." began Sister Undir.

"I do hope you've brought some of your toys and books!" Tuly said. "I don't like anyone spoiling my things!"

"Well, no! I thought that we could..." Sister started again.

stitch clothes for my dolls!" Sister suggested.

"I hope you've brought all what you need!" Tuly said, rather rudely. "Scissors, thread, needle and cloth! I'm not going to let you



"In my house I'll play with my toys because they are my toys! If you want to play, you bring your own toys!" Tuly announced.

"That's not fair, is it? After all in my house you played with my toys!" Sister protested, forgetting to ask about stitching clothes for her dolls.

"Of course, it's fair! There I was the guest!" Tuly's logic was what she made up on her own. She did not permit any argument.

use mine!"

"Yes, I have!" replied Sister in a subdued voice. She was beginning to like Tuly less and less.

"Don't just stand there, show me what you've brought!" demanded Tuly.

So Sister Undir showed her - a pair of scissors, a needle, a reel of thread and the bits of cloth she had traded. Just then Tuly's mother came in. "Hello, auntie!" Sister wished Tuly's mother, who was a pleasant looking, plump mouse.

"Hullo, dear! What is all this? You

“Well, at least let us try some stitching! I want to



did not steal them! She's my friend! Aren't you?" she asked Sister, looking rather threateningly at her.

Poor Sister! Her

seem to be ready to do some stitching!" Tuly's mother remarked.

"Yes, auntie! I want to learn how to make dresses for my dolls! I was hoping Tuly would teach me!" Sister Undir replied.

"Come, I'm free now. I'll help!" Tuly's mother offered.

But when she saw the bits of cloth that Sister had, she exclaimed, "These are no good! They're too, too small! I don't think you can even make a dolly collar out of them! Besides, these look very like the bits that I threw away! I had made a nightie and a dress for Tuly only last week! These are the leftovers to be thrown!"

Sister Undir was stunned! "But, but.... Tuly gave them to me! In exchange..." Before sister had even begun to tell how she had been made a sucker, Tuly interrupted with, "Yes, Mama! I gave them to Sister because she didn't have any pretty bits! Sister

head was in a turmoil! Should she tell auntie everything? Would auntie believe her? What would happen after that? Would Tuly stop being her friend? So, Brother was right after all! He never liked Tuly one bit! She had been taken for a big ride! She felt used. Quietly, Sister said, "I want to go home!" "Okay! Bye!" said Tuly, blithely.

That night Sister told Mama Undir all that had happened. Papa and Brother were listening as well. "You sure are a sucker!" remarked Brother.

Papa patted her on the back, realising how rotten she was feeling. "I think Sister has learnt a lesson!" Mama said.

"Never again will I be fooled so easily! Boy, have I learnt a lesson!" said Sister.

ANURADHA KHATI

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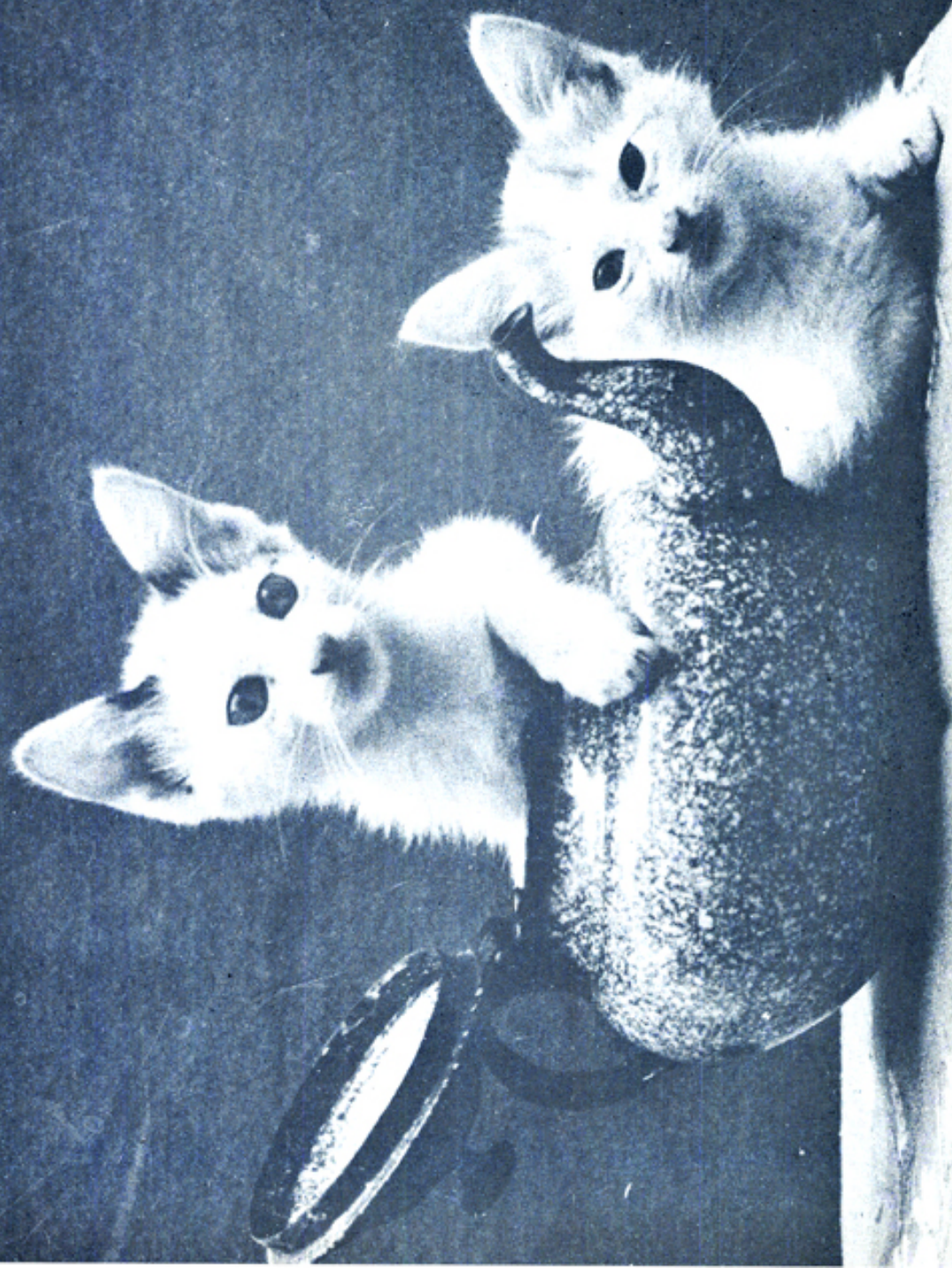
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